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Voices From the  
WILLOW and the PALM





# Poemata Sacra.

PRINTED BY BAILLANTYNE AND COMPANY  
EDINBURGH AND LONDON

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# Voices

FROM

## The Willow and the Palm.

*RHYTHMS OF GRIEF AND HOPE*

SELECTED FOR

*THE SUFFERING AND THE THOUGHTFUL.*

"We hanged our harps upon the Willows, for they that carried us away captive required of us a song."—PS. cxxxvii. 2, 3.

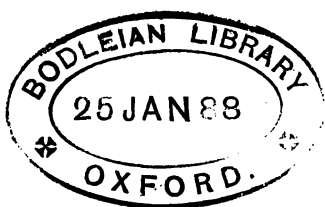
"Lo, a great multitude, clothed with white robes, and Palms in their hands."  
—REV. vii. 9.

STRAHAN & CO.  
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1874.

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1244. f. 17



*To the Right Honourable*  
*THE COUNTESS OF MUNSTER*

THIS LITTLE VOLUME OF WORDS,  
INTENDED TO HELP THE DOUBTING TO BELIEVE,  
AND THE SORROWFUL TO BE GLAD-HEARTED,

IS,

WITH ITS COMPANION VOLUME,

*"SONGS*

*OF THE*

*CROSS AND THE CROWN,"*

*Dedicated*

BY THE EDITOR,

IN GRATEFUL AND AFFECTIONATE REMEMBRANCE

OF MUCH KINDNESS AND FRIENDSHIP


THROUGH MANY YEARS.





## P R E F A C E.

---

HE Editor of this little volume has long desired to gather into some such compilation many of those verses which have appeared to his own apprehension luminous, incisive, or comfortable pieces, and which, by their melody or suggestion, seemed to possess a power to instruct or to charm. From a very large accumulation, these have been selected, as either expressing the grief of life beneath its tribulations—and such an expression is itself often a lenitive for sorrow—or the pensive gladness of life, beneath the influence of those hopes which are as an anchor to the soul. Poets are often persons to whom suffering has surrendered up its secret. They have studied it as an art, until the knowledge of pain has become a secret of power ; their sensibility has been the gateway of vision, and the wandering, and the wilderness, and the pillow of stone have prepared the way for the opening of the heavens,

and the vision of angels. Then their words are often concise and rememberable; and in many instances, when the writer has obtained no fame as a singer—often the case in the authors of many of these selections, which have quite passed away from ordinary memory—some little flakelet of verse has power to chasten and to cheer the spirit. In every instance the Editor would confess his obligations to the writers from whom he has quoted, and by the pleasure which any verse has given in its perusal, estimates the enjoyment it created in the heart of the writer.



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*ST BONAVENTURA'S HYMN OF THE CROSS.*



LOVE the cross, the world which lighteth,  
And 'tis Christ thy soul who righteth  
While eternal ages shine :

Be not that agreement broken,  
Be the cross in all thy token,  
And prosperity is thine.

When thou tempted art and troubled,  
And thy trials are redoubled,  
Narrow all thy way and dark,  
Be not slothful and delaying,  
But, solicitously praying,  
With the cross thy forehead mark.

When thou'rt still, or in employment,  
In affliction or enjoyment,  
Grievest, or delighted art,  
When thou goest, when thou comest,  
Tastest comfort, or bemoanest,  
Hold the cross within thy heart.



*Hymn of the Cross.*

---

Paradise's gate the cross is :  
Here the saints, amid their losses  
Placing trust, have all subdued :  
Hence the life is of the blessed,  
All the treasure they've possessèd,  
Joy and glory, is the rood.

When thou sittest, standest, liest,  
When thou 'rt silent or repliest,  
When fatigue has wearied thee,  
Christ seek thou ; in Him confiding,  
Be His cross in triumph riding  
O'er thy breast where'er thou be.

Oh ! His poverty forget not,  
And His shame and torments let not  
Ever from thy memory fall :  
Long as thou 'rt possessed of reason,  
Be thou mindful of His Passion,  
Of the wormwood and the gall.

O good brother mine ! whate'er be  
Now thy business, see that ne'er be  
Far the Crucifièd's pains ;  
Give a shower of grief unfailing,  
Fit for hearts thee, Christ, bewailing,  
As thou thus renew'st thy stains.



AMA crucem mundi lucem,  
Et habebis Christum ducem,  
Per æterna sæcula.  
Illud pactum non sit fractum,  
Crux præcedat omnem actum,  
Ut succedant prospera.

Cum tentatus et afflictus,  
Derelictus quasi victus  
Et inter angustias ;  
Non sis piger neque lentus,  
Sed sollicite intentus,  
Cruce frontem munias.

Cum quiescis aut laboras,  
Quando rides, quando ploras,  
Doles, sive gaudeas,  
Quando vadis, quando venis,  
In solatiis, in poenis,  
Crucem corde teneas.

Crux est porta Paradisi,  
In qua sancti sunt confisi  
Qui vicerunt omnia.  
Crux est vita beatorum,  
Et thesaurus perfectorum,  
Et decor, et gaudium.

Quando sedes, stas, et jaces,  
Quando loqueris et taces,  
Fessus cum quieveris,

Christum quæras in quo speras,  
Crucifixum corde geras,  
Ubicumque fueris.

Recordare paupertatis  
Et extremæ vilitatis,  
Et gravis supplicii ;  
Si es compos rationis,  
Esto memor passionis,  
Fellis et absinthii.

Bone frater, quidquid agas,  
Crucifixi vide plagas,  
Et sibi compatere.  
Da dolorem quasi rorem,  
Ut tu plores Redemptorem,  
Christum qui te renovet.



•

*"WHAT HAD I DONE, TO EARN SUCH FATE  
FROM HEAVEN?"*



ELL she remembered how that soul was stirred  
By the rebuking of His gentle word,  
When in her faltering tones complaint was given—  
"What had I done, to earn such fate from Heaven?"

O lady! here thou liest, with all that wealth  
Or love can do to cheer thee back to health;  
With books that woo the fancies of thy brain  
To happier thoughts than brooding over pain;  
With light, with flowers, with freshness, and with food,  
Dainty and chosen, fit for sickly mood;  
With easy couches for thy languid frame,  
Bringing real rest, and not that empty name;  
And silent nights, and soothed and comforted days;  
And Nature's beauty spread before thy gaze.

*What have the poor done*, who, instead of these,  
Suffer in foulest rags each dire disease,  
Creep on the earth, and lean against the stones,  
When some disjointing torture racks their bones;  
And groan and grope throughout the wearying night,  
Denied the rich man's easy luxury—light?  
*What has the babe done*, who, with tender eyes,  
Blinks at the world a little while, and dies,

Having first stretched in wild, convulsive leaps,  
His fragile limbs, which ceaseless suffering keeps  
In ceaseless motion, till the hour when death  
Clenches his little heart, and stops his breath ?  
*What has the idiot done*, whose half-formed soul  
Scarce knows the seasons as they onward roll ;  
Who flees with gibbering cries, and bleeding feet,  
From idle boys who pelt him in the street ?  
*What have the fair girls done*, whose early bloom  
Wasting like flowers that pierce some creviced tomb,  
Plants that have only known a settled shade,  
Lives that for others' uses have been made,—  
Toil on from morn to night, from night to morn,  
For those chance pets of Fate, the wealthy born ;  
Bound not to murmur, and bound not to sin,  
However bitter be the bread they win ?  
*What hath the slandered done*, who vainly strives  
To set his life among untarnished lives ;  
Whose bitter cry for justice only fills  
The myriad echoes lost among life's hills ;  
Who hears for evermore the self-same lie  
Clank clog-like at his heel when he would try  
To climb above the loathly creeping things  
Whose venom poisons and whose fury stings ;  
And so slides back, for ever doomed to hear  
The old witch, Malice, hiss with serpent leer  
The old, hard falsehood to the old bad end,  
Helped, it may be, by some traducing friend,

Or one rocked with him on one mother's breast,  
Learned in the art of where to smite him best ?

*What we must suffer proves not what was done :*  
So taught the God of heaven's anointed Son,  
Touching the blind man's eyes amid a crowd  
Of ignorant, seething hearts, who cried aloud,  
" *The blind, or else his parents had offended.*"  
*That was man's preaching ; God that preaching mended.*  
But whatsoe'er we suffer, being still  
Fixed and appointed by the heavenly will,  
Behoves us bear with patience as we may  
The Potter's moulding of our helpless clay.  
Much, lady, hath He taken, but He leaves  
What outweighs all for which thy spirit grieves.  
No greater gift lies even in God's control  
Than the large love which fills a human soul :  
If, taking that, He left thee all the rest,  
Would not vain anguish wring thy pining breast ?  
If, taking all, that dear love yet remains,  
Hath it not balm for all thy bitter pains ?  
Cease we to dream. Our thoughts are yet more dim  
Than children's are, who put their trust in Him.  
All that our wisdom knows or ever can,  
Is this, that God hath pity upon man ;  
And where His Spirit shines in Holy Writ,  
The great word COMFORTER comes after it.

*Hon. Mrs Norton.*

*LAMA SABACTHANI.*



S darkness and doubt  
Are the gateways of heaven,  
So in sorrow and pain

All insight is given :  
The pillar of cloud  
In prosperity's light  
Is a pillar of flame  
In adversity's night.  
So oft we must inly cry  
*Lama Sabacthani !*  
If we would crucify,  
Trample down sense ;  
Oft we must inly know  
Seasons of bitter woe,  
Hear spirit voices low  
Calling us hence.

We shrink from the pain,  
But the pain brings the good ;  
'Tis the torturing fever  
That purges the blood.  
The children of God  
Are the broken, despised ;  
The forsaken are those  
Who live unchastised.

---

So oft we must inly cry,  
*Lama Sabacthani !*  
If we would crucify,  
    Trample down sense ;  
Oft we must inly know  
Seasons of bitter woe,  
Hear spirit voices low  
    Calling us hence.

In dreariest wastes  
    Sweet flowers have their birth ;  
To bring us the stars  
    The night curtains the earth ;  
And all exquisite tones  
    That the ear ever heard  
Are but the deep groans  
    That the spirit has stirred.  
    So oft we must inly cry  
    *Lama Sabacthani !*  
    If we would crucify,  
        Trample down sense ;  
    Oft we must inly know  
    Seasons of bitter woe,  
    Hear spirit voices low  
        Calling us hence.

*From an old Magazine.*



*A MAN'S VOICE.*



ORD ! if I walk close with Thee,  
In Thy Prophet's company,  
I shall hear a voice, I ween,  
Call Ulai's banks between,—

I shall hear "a Man's voice,"  
O'er each river and each sea,  
Speak, as never man spake,  
"Comfortable words" to me.

When the "storms of life" shall rise,  
And black midnight veil the skies,  
Hid my chart, till, tempest-tost,  
I believe that all is lost,—

Let me hear "a Man's voice"

From the Lake of Galilee :

"It is I, be not afraid."

Lord, increase my faith in Thee !

When I lavish on Thy feet  
Flowers soft and odours sweet,  
And they blame the seeming waste,  
And they blame the useless haste,—

Let me hear "a Man's voice"

From the house of Bethany,

Saying, "Blame her not, for she

Hath a good work wrought on Me."

When my God presents a cup,  
And I will not drink it up,  
And I shrink from His decrees,  
And I love to be at ease,—  
Let me hear "a Man's voice"  
From thy shade, Gethsemane :  
"Not my will, but Thine, be done."  
Let His will be done in me!

When I tread the gloomy vale,  
And my heart begins to fail,  
And my spirit dies with fear,  
And I cannot see Thee near,—  
Let me hear "a Man's voice"  
Crying from the shameful tree,  
Crying loud, "My God, my God!  
Why hast Thou forsaken Me?"

When the great white throne is raised,  
And, confounded and amazed,  
All the tribes of earth shall mourn,  
Dreading Him they used to scorn,—  
Let me hear "a Man's voice,"  
Find my God and judge in *Thee* ;  
Hear the gracious sentence, "Come,  
Come, ye blessed, unto Me!"  
*From the "Monthly Packet."*

## *THE WORLD'S UNHAPPINESS.*



HE world is wise, for the world is old ;  
Five thousand years their tale have told ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

The world is kind, if we ask not too much ;  
It is sweet to the taste, and smooth to the touch ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

The world is so strong with an awful strength,  
And full of life in its breadth and length ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

The world is so beautiful, one may fear .  
Its borrowed beauty might make it too dear ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

The world is good in its own pure way,  
There is rest by night, and high spirits by day ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

The Cross shines fair, and the church-bell rings,  
And the earth is peopled with holy things ;  
Yet the world is not happy, as it might be—  
Why is it ? why is it ? oh, answer me !

What lackest thou, world ? for God made thee of old ;  
Why thy faith gone out, and thy love grown cold ?  
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,  
For the want of Christ's simplicity.

It is blood thou lackest, thou poor old world ;  
Who shall make thy love hot for thee, frozen old world ?  
Thou art not happy, as thou mightest be,  
For the love of dear Jesus is little in thee.

Poor world ! if thou cravest a better day,  
Remember that Christ must have His own way ;  
I mourn thou art not as thou mightest be,  
But the love of God would do all for thee.

*Frederick W. Faber.*



*UNDER THE SHADOW.*



UNDER the shadow when noontide is shining ;  
Under the shadow when day is declining :  
Under the shadow when sorrow is pressing :  
Under the shadow when laden with blessing :

Under the shadow when loneliness saddens ;  
Under the shadow when company gladdens :  
Under the shadow when joy has departed ;  
Under the shadow when blythe and light-hearted :

Under the shadow when sickness has bound us ;  
Under the shadow when health is around us :  
Under the shadow if smiling or sighing ;  
Under the shadow if living or dying :

Under Thy shadow, O bountiful Father !  
Under Thy shadow Thy weary ones gather ;  
Under Thy shadow harm comes to us never :  
Under Thy shadow may we be for ever !

*M. Farningham.*



## THE SCULPTOR.



SAW a sculptor all intent  
Upon his marble white,  
And all his energies were bent  
To mould it day and night.  
With mallet hard, and tools of strength,  
And many strokes severe,  
The block was made to feel at length  
That skilful hands were near.  
And I beheld a child look on,  
And gaze with wondering eye ;  
She saw the splinters, one by one,  
In all directions fly :  
The doubts that filled that simple mind  
Were hard to understand,  
Like curious things that children find  
Upon the ocean's strand.  
The marble chips, at every stroke,  
Were scattered one by one,  
When childish doubt broke out and spoke—  
" Father, why *waste* the stone ? "  
" It is," he said in accents mild,  
" By strokes and heavy blows,  
That, *as the marble wastes, my child,*  
*The more the statue grows.*"

Are we not all but children small,  
In doubt and want of sight ?  
And, like the little child, we call  
In darkness for the light.  
How many curious questions still  
Are asked by children here,  
As we behold a Father's skill  
Excite our childish fear !

We see our dear ones pass away,  
Whom we have loved so long ;  
Our little ones, who could not stay,  
Whose life was rich in song ;  
We see our loved possessions fly,  
And leave us with such haste ;  
Then ask in our simplicity,  
“ Oh, why is all this waste ? ”

And then, amidst our trembling fears,  
A Father's voice is heard,  
Who wipes away our falling tears  
By His most gentle word :—  
“ It is,” He says in accents mild,  
“ By strokes and heavy blows,  
That, as the marble wastes, my child,  
*The more the statue grows.*”

*Rev. Hunt Jackson.*

## THE ANGEL OF PATIENCE.

*A free Paraphrase of the German.*



O weary hearts, to mourning homes,  
God's meekest Angel comes ;  
No power has he to banish pain,  
Or give us back our lost again,  
And yet in tenderest love our dear  
And heavenly Father sends him here.

There 's quiet in the Angel's glance,  
There 's rest in his still countenance :  
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,  
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;  
But ills and woes he may not cure  
He kindly learns us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm  
Our feverish brows with cooling balm ;  
To lay the storms of hope and fear,  
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;  
The throbs of wounded pride to still,  
And make our own our Father's will.

Oh ! thou who mournest on the way,  
With longings for the close of day,



He walks with thee, that Angel kind,  
And gently whispers, "Be resigned ;  
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell  
The dear Lord ordereth all things well !"

*J. G. Whittier.*

---

*LESSON OF SUBMISSION.*



PILGRIM, bound to Mecca, quite away his  
sandals wore,  
And on the desert's blistering sand his feet  
grew very sore.

"To let me suffer thus, great Allah is not kind nor just,  
While in His service I confront the painful heat and dust,"  
He murmured in complaining tone ; and in this temper  
came

To where, around Caaba, pilgrims knelt of every name :  
And there he saw, while pity and remorse his bosom beat,  
A pilgrim who not only wanted shoes, but also feet !

*From Saadi.*

---

COMFORT.

**D**EPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so,  
art not missed by any who entreat.  
k to me as to Mary at Thy feet ;  
if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
ny tears drop like amber, while I go  
ach of Thy divinest voice complete  
umanest affection—thus, in sooth  
se the sense of losing ! As a child,  
se song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,  
ng to in its stead by mother's mouth,  
sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
leeps the faster that he wept before.

*Mrs E. B. Browning.*



### *SUBSTITUTION.*



WHEN some beloved voice, that was to you  
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
And silence against which you dare not cry  
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—  
What hope, what help, what music will undo  
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,  
Nor reason's subtle count; not melody  
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;  
Nor songs of poets, nor of nightingales,  
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees  
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws  
Self-chanted; nor the angel's sweet All hails,  
Met in the smile of God. Nay, none of these.  
Speak THOU, availing Christ! and fill this pause.

*Mrs E. B. Browning.*



*GRIEF.*




TELL you hopeless grief is passionless—  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight  
air

Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare  
Under the blenching vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted men express  
Grief for their dead in silence like to death ;  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe,  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it : the marble eyelids are not wet—  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

*Mrs E. B. Browning.*



### CONSOLATION.

LL are not taken ! there are left behind  
Living beloveds, tender looks to bring,  
And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
And tender voices to make soft the wind.  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all the world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring,  
Where “dust to dust” the love from life disjoined—  
And if before those sepulchres unmoving  
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth),  
Crying “Where are ye, O my loved and loving ?”  
I know a voice would sound, “Daughter, I AM.  
Can I suffice for HEAVEN, and not for earth ?”

*Mrs E. B. Browning.*



*VIA CRUCIS VIA LUCIS.*



THROUGH night to day !  
And when the solemn fold  
Of darkness wraps creation all,

Trust on ! trust on !  
For sunrise bright and bold  
Shall break and burst the midnight pall.

Through death to life !  
Aye, through this vale of tears  
The thorny path of being hurled,  
High, high above,  
We reach heaven's wedding-feast—  
The joy, the gladness of a better world.

Through storm to calm !  
And when through earth and sky  
The wind-god drives his thundering wheel,

Trust on ! trust on !  
For sweet and gentle calm  
Shall o'er the wildest tempest steal.

Through frost to spring !  
And when the northern blast  
Shall freeze the very marrow of the earth,

Trust on ! trust on !  
For through the ice-bound sod  
Spring's breezes give sweet flowers birth.

Through war to peace !  
And when, 'mid bristling spears,  
A thousand deaths beset thee near,  
Trust on ! trust on !  
For close on slaughter's din  
Flow songs of peace and freedom's cheer.


Through sweat to sleep !  
And when the mid-day sun  
Wears thee and wastes with sultry heat,  
Trust on ! trust on !  
Soon blows the evening wind,  
To rock and soothe thy slumber sweet.

Through cross to cure !  
And when the ills of life  
Like demons haunt thy weary bed,  
Trust on ! trust on !  
Soon shall, 'mid direst griefs,  
The peace of God be o'er thee spread.

Through woe to joy !  
Weep'st thou at morning-tide ?  
And still to tears at midnight given ?  
Trust on ! trust on !  
Trust to thy Father's care,  
Who keepeth constant watch in heaven !

*From the German.*

*FAITH SINGING TO A DARK HEART.*

 HE spoke with passion, after pause—"And were  
it wisely done,  
If we, who cannot gaze above, should walk the  
earth alone?—

we, whose virtue is so weak, should have a will so  
strong,  
and stand blind on the rocks to choose the right path  
from the wrong;  
to choose perhaps a love-lit hearth instead of love and  
heaven,—  
A single rose for a rose-tree, which beareth seven times  
seven?—

A rose that droppeth from the hand, that fadeth in the  
breast,  
Until, in grieving for the worst, we learn what is the  
best!"

Then breaking into tears,—“Dear God!” she cried, “and  
must we see  
All blissful things depart from *us* ere we go to Thee?  
We cannot guess Thee in the wood, or hear Thee in the  
wind?  
Our cedars must fall round us, ere we see the light behind?



Ay, sooth, we feel too strong in weal to need Thee or  
that road ;  
But woe being come, the soul is dumb that crieth not or  
God."

*Mrs E. B. Browning.*



*LOVE IN TEARS.*



Fate Love's dear ambition mar,  
And load his breast with hopeless pain.  
And seem to blot out sun and star,  
Love, lost or won, is countless gain.

His sorrow boasts a secret bliss,  
Which sorrow of itself beguiles ;  
And Love in tears too noble is  
For pity, save of Love in smiles.

But looking backward through his tears,  
With vision of maturer scope,  
How often one dead joy appears  
The platform of some better hope !

And, let us own, the sharpest smart  
Which human patience may endure  
Pays light for that which leaves the heart  
More generous, dignified, and pure.

*Coventry Patmore.*



## CHILDREN.



OUR shadows in the eventide  
Will longer stretch and longer,  
And pacing with us side by side,  
The cares of life grow stronger.

Then God around us in His ways  
Is little children bringing,  
While in the morning of their days  
Their careless hearts are singing.

Such little things their thoughts engage,  
So cheaply bought their treasures ;—  
Yet nothing fills the heart of age  
Like their sweet simple pleasures.

A picture rude—a book begun—  
A wooden horse half-broken,  
Or mimic manhood carried on  
By feats in fancy spoken.

The harnessed horse, it hath a spell—  
The “trains” are ever going ;  
Such fountains in their spirits dwell,  
And fill to overflowing.

---

Whatever joys to-day may shine,  
Whate'er may touch with sorrow ;  
Yet it will be, I well divine,  
A something else to-morrow.

Such trifles will their hearts employ,  
A shell—a flower—a feather ;  
If none of these, a cup of joy  
It is to be together.

Their souls are like the early morn,  
Their fancies so light-hearted ;  
The hues which are each moment born,  
Each moment are departed.

No conqueror who hath kingdoms won  
Hath such delight in glory ;  
No poet by himself outdone  
In his heart-thrilling story ;

No miser when in seasons past  
He counts his gains and losses ;  
No exile to his home at last  
When o'er the sea he crosses.

No sailor on fair winds to flee  
Hath e'er been so delighted ;  
No client long in Chancery  
Who finds that he is righted.

And if it be the heart of man  
Which our existence measures,  
Far longer is their childhood's span  
Than that of manly pleasures.

For long each month and year is then  
Their thoughts and days extending,  
But months and years pass swift with men  
To time's last goal descending ;

With changed desires, as life runs on,  
Still doing and undoing ;  
And e'en at last, when age is won,  
Some shadow still pursuing.


When I in children at my knee  
This lesson am discerning,  
No wisdom of the schools for me  
Is half so worth the learning.

Like children's toys, a little while  
When we have passed the portal,  
Will be the cares which men bèguile,  
And all things that are mortal.

*Rev. Isaac Williams.*



*IN THE REMOVAL OF SOME FAMILY  
PORTRAITS.*

ILENT friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu !  
Living friends long I 've lost—now I lose you.  
Bitter tears many I 've shed, ye 've seen them  
flow ;  
Many hours many I 've sped, full well ye know.  
In my loneliness, kindly, methought,  
Ye looked down on me, mocking me not,  
In light speech and hollow words, grating so sore  
Sad heart, with many ills sick to the core.  
N, if my clouded skies brightened awhile,  
Ned your soft serious eyes almost to smile.  
Nt friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu !  
Ing friends long I 've lost—now I lose you.  
En from hearth and board, when all were gone,  
Oked up at you, and felt not alone ;  
Quite companionless, while in each face  
Me familiar the stamp of my race.  
Ne, gentle ancestress ! dove-eyed and fair,  
Ting in sympathy oft for my care.  
M knight and stern-visaged ! yet could I see  
Nothing that furrowed face) good-will to me.

Bland looks were beaming upon me I knew,  
Fair sir!—bonnie lady!—from you, and from you.  
Little think happy ones, heart-circled round,  
How fast to senseless things hearts may be bound ;  
How, when the living prop's mouldered and gone,  
Heart-strings, low trailing left, clasp the cold stone.  
Silent friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu !  
Living friends long I've lost—now I lose you.  
Often, when spirit-vexed, weary and worn,  
To your quiet faces, mute friends, would I turn.  
Soft as I gazed on them, soothing as balm,  
Lulling the passion-storm, stole your deep calm ;  
Till, as I longer looked, surely, methought,  
Ye read and replied to my questioning thought.  
“ Daughter,” ye softly said, “ peace to thine heart :  
We too—yes, daughter ! have been as thou art ;  
“ Tossed on the troubled waves, life's stormy sea ;  
Chance and change manifold proving like thee ;  
“ Hope-lifted—doubt-depressed—seeing in part—  
Tried—troubled—tempted—*sustained* as thou art :  
“ *Our* God is *thy* God—what He willeth is best—  
Trust Him as we trusted : then rest, as we rest.”  
Silent friends ! fare ye well—shadows ! adieu !  
*One Friend* abideth still *all* changes through.

*Mrs Southey*

## THE TWO CANDLES.



SAW two candles : one unlighted lay,  
The other lighted stood ;  
And a pale man beneath its slender ray  
His nightly toil pursued.

In patient zeal he drew his failing sight  
O'er many a mystic page ;  
And with the harvest of that quiet night  
He turned to bless his age.

But when the pearl of dawn dissolved in day,  
The candle flashed its last ;  
And yet that other candle perfect lay,  
Unchanged by all had passed.

"Better," I said, "to live, and waste in living,  
Than lie in useless sleep :  
Who gives to others what is worth the giving,  
Cannot both give and keep."

*Rev. Wade Robinson.*





*OVER THE MOUNTAINS HIGH.*



WHAT shall I see if I ever go  
Over the mountains high?  
Now I can see but the peaks of snow  
Crowning the cliffs where the pine-trees grow,  
Waiting and longing to rise  
Nearer the beckoning skies.

The eagle is rising afar away  
Over the mountains high,  
Rowing along in the radiant day  
With mighty strokes to his distant prey,  
Where he will swooping downwards,  
Where he will sailing onwards.

Apple-tree, longest thou not to go  
Over the mountains high?  
Gladly thou growest in summer's glow,  
Patiently waitest through winter's snow:  
Though birds on thy branches swing,  
Thou knowest not what they sing.

He who has twenty years longed to flee  
Over the mountains high—  
He who beyond them never will see,  
Smaller and smaller each year must be:

He hears what the birds say  
While on thy boughs they play.

Birds, with your chattering, why did ye come  
Over the mountains high ?  
Beyond, in a sunnier land, ye could roam,  
And nearer to heaven could build your home :  
Why have ye come to bring  
Longing without your wing ?

Shall I, then, never, never flee  
Over the mountains high ?  
Rocky walls, will ye always be  
Prisons until ye are tombs for me ?—  
Until I lie at your feet  
Wrapped in my winding-sheet ?

Away ! I will away, far away,  
Over the mountains high !  
Here I am sinking lower each day,  
Though my spirit has chosen the loftiest way :  
Let her in freedom fly,  
Not beat on the walls and die !

Once, I know, I shall journey far  
Over the mountains high.  
Lord, is Thy door already ajar ?  
Dear is the home where Thy saved ones are ;  
But bar it awhile from me,  
And help me to long for Thee.

*Translated from Bjornson.*

## THE OLD SUN-DIAL.

*Motto inscribed on the north side of a sun-dial pedestal,  
"Non sine lumine."*



ON *sine lumine* !  
E'en on that side of thee  
Where no sun cheerily  
Sendeth his glance,  
Save in full summer-time,  
Just at the eve and prime,  
When a stray beam some time  
Smileth askance.

There beat the hail and snow,  
When winter whirlwinds blow,  
Or spring's pulse sinketh low  
In the dark night :  
Yet, midst the driving gale,  
Should the clouds rend and fail,  
Looks forth the North Star pale,  
Not without light !

*Non sine lumine* !  
So will the Christian be,  
However northerly  
His face be set.

---

Just as the day declines,  
Hope round the corner shines ;  
Faith's Pole Star breaks the lines  
    Of wild regret.

Saviour, I look to Thee !  
*Non sine lumine*  
Will all my voyage be  
    If Thou art near.  
In my most arctic nights,  
Let Thy aurora lights  
O'er the cold iceberg heights  
    Northwards appear !

Steer me o'er life's dark sea,  
Round its rocks pilot me ;  
Then from its treachery,  
    Where reigneth night,  
*Non sine lumine*  
Let my last passage be  
Into eternity,  
    Where all is light !  
    *From "Angel Visits."*



## THE SUNBEAM.



THOU art no lingerer in monarch's hall—  
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all !  
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—  
Sunbeam ! what gift hath the world like thee ?

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles ;  
Thou hast touched with glory His thousand isles ;  
Thou hast lit up the ships and the feathery foam,  
And gladdened the sailor like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest-shades  
Thou are streaming on through their green arcades,  
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow  
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I looked on the mountains ;—a vapour lay  
Folding their heights in its dark array :  
Thou brakest forth, and the mists became  
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I looked on the peasant's lowly cot ;—  
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot ;  
But a gleam of *thee* on its lattice fell,  
And it laughed into beauty at that bright spell.

To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,  
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart ;

And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed  
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou tak'st through the dim church-aisle thy way,  
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,  
And its high, pale tombs, with their trophies old,  
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,  
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave ;  
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,  
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer ! oh, what is like to thee ?  
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea !—  
*One* thing is like thee to mortals given,  
**THE FAITH** touching all things with hues of heaven !

*Mrs Hemans.*



STARS AND SAINTS.



TARS are of mighty use : the night  
Is dark and long ;  
The road foul ; and where one goes rig-  
Six may go wrong.  
One twinkling ray,  
Shot o'er some cloud,  
May clear much way,  
And guide a crowd.

God's saints are shining lights ; who stays  
Here long, must pass  
O'er dark hilla, swift streams, and steep ways  
As smooth as glass ;  
But these all night,  
Like candles, shed  
Their beams, and light  
Us into bed.

They are indeed our pillar-fires,  
Seen as we go ;  
They are that city's shining spires  
We travel to.  
A sword-like gleam  
Kept man from sin  
First *out* ; this beam  
Will guide him *in*.

*Henry Vaughan.*

*NATURE TEACHES DESPAIR TO HOPE.*



We cannot kindle when we will  
The fire which in the heart resides ;  
The spirit bloweth and is still ;  
In mystery our soul abides ;  
*But tasks in hours of insight willed  
Can be through hours of gloom fulfilled.*

With aching hands and bleeding feet  
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;  
We bear the burden and the heat  
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.  
Not till the hours of light return  
All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,  
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,  
Ask how *she* viewed thy self-control,  
Thy struggling, tasked morality—  
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,  
Oft made thee in thy gloom despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,  
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,  
See, on her face a glow is spread,  
A strong emotion on her cheek !



"Ah, child!" she cries, "that strife divine,  
Whence was it? for it is not mine.


"There is no effort on *my* brow;  
I do not strive, I do not weep;  
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow  
In joy, and when I will I sleep!  
Yet that severe, that earnest air,  
I saw, I felt it once—but where?

"I knew not yet the gauge of time,  
Nor wore the manacles of space;  
I felt it in some other clime,  
I saw it in some other place!  
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,  
And lay upon the breast of God."

*Matthew Arnold*



*HYMN OF NIGHT.*

IGHT and darkness cover all,  
Heaven and earth, with cloudy pall ;  
But the light comes in, and, lo !  
All the sky is in a glow.  
Christ has come, the Star of day :  
Night and darkness flee away !

Cloven by the piercing gleam  
Of the Day Star's rising beam,  
Earth's long gloom is rent ; and, lo !  
All creation is aglow  
With the colours hither borne  
From the radiant Lamp of morn !

Thee, O Christ ! alone we know ;  
Other suns are none below.  
All the night to Thee we cry ;  
Hear our tears, our song, our sigh ;  
Watch our senses through the night,  
Keep us till the morning light.

Night's hues thickly round us lie,  
Blotting earth, and sea, and sky.

Star of morning, send Thy light,  
Purge these deep-dyed stains of night ;  
Show Thy face, and, with its ray,  
Shine these shadows into day !

*From the L*



## LAUGHTER.



T is not he who gaily sings,  
Or loudly laughs from jocund breast,  
Who sees the deepest heart of things,  
Or tastes the truest joys of rest.

And yet I do not say that mirth  
Is false and wrong. I only say  
That laughter has its source on earth,  
And with the earth will pass away.

I do not think the Son of Man  
Was much in laughter as He went ;  
Yet where has been, since time began,  
A life so calm with true content ?

And just as we His spirit share,  
And drink from His pure fount of peace,  
Our heart shall rise from gloom and care,  
And feel the need of laughter cease.

For laughter in this vale of tears  
Is but the stream of life that flows  
By bends and rocks and sudden weirs,  
And breaks in music as it goes.

*Rev. Wade Robinson.*

*BRETON FISHER'S PRAYER.*

*" Mon Dieu, protégez moi, mon navire est si petit, et votre mer si grande ! "*



GOD ! my ship is small, Thy sea so wide ;  
How shall I sail across in bark so frail ?  
What may my oars against its waves avail  
Or can I ever reach the farther side,  
If any shore bound that unmeasured tide ?  
O endless waves ! O feebly quivering sail !  
O great eternity !—I faint and fail,  
And dare not go, and may not here abide.  
My bark drives on, whither I do not know.  
My God ! remember me, that I am dust :  
The way is too far for me where I go,  
Yet will I leave the land, and trembling trust.  
Thou who didst walk on stormy Galilee,  
Let me not sink in Thine unfathomed sea !

*Mary M. Hoppus*



*KING'S BRIDGE, CAMBRIDGE.*

*How well and how musically this ballad, with its double refrain,  
sets the grief of life to music, and the coldness of  
nature to human grief!*

I.



HE dew falls fast, and the night is dark,  
And the trees stand silent in the park ;  
And winter passeth from bough to bough,  
With stealthy foot that none may know ;  
But little the old man thinks he weaves  
His frosty kiss on the ivy leaves.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall  
The river droppeth down,  
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall  
On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

Old trees by night are like men in thought,  
By poetry to silence wrought ;  
They stand so still and they look so wise,  
With folded arms and half-shut eyes,  
More shadowy than the shade they cast  
When the wan moonlight on the river past.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—  
We cannot tell what it saith :  
It keepeth its secrets down below,  
And so doth Death !*

## II.

Oh ! the night is dark, but not so dark  
As my poor soul in this lonely park :  
There are festal lights by the stream, that fall,  
Like stars, from the casements of yonder hall ;  
But harshly the sounds of joyaunce grate  
On one that is crushed and desolate.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall  
The river droppeth down,  
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall  
On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

O Mary ! Mary ! could I but hear,  
What this river saith in night's still ear,  
And catch the faint whispering voice it brings  
From its lowlands green and its reedy springs ;  
It might tell of the spot where the greybeard's spade  
Turned the cold wet earth in the lime-tree shade.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—  
We cannot tell what it saith :  
It keepeth its secrets down below,  
And so doth Death !*

## III.

For death was born in thy blood with life—  
Too holy a fount for such sad strife :  
Like a secret curse, from hour to hour  
The canker grew with the growing flower,  
And little we deemed that rosy streak  
Was the tyrant's seal on thy virgin cheek.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall  
The river droppeth down,  
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall  
On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

But fainter and fainter thy bright eyes grew,  
And ruder and redder that rosy hue ;  
And the half-shed tears that never fell,  
And the pain within thou wouldst not tell,  
And the wild, wan smile,—all spoke of death,  
That had withered my chosen with his breath.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—  
We cannot tell what it saith :  
It keepeth its secrets down below,  
And so doth Death !*

IV.

'Twas o'er thy harp one day in June,  
I marvelled the strings were out of tune ;  
But lighter and quicker the music grew,  
And deadly white was thy rosy hue ;  
One moment—and back the colour came :  
Thou calledst me by my Christian name.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall  
The river droppeth down,  
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall  
On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

Thou badest me be silent and bold,  
But my brain was hot, and my heart was cold.



I never wept, and I never spake,  
But stood like a rock where the salt seas break ;  
And to this day I have shed no tear  
O'er my blighted love and my chosen's bier.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—*

*We cannot tell what it saith :*

*It keepeth its secrets down below,*

*And so doth Death !*

v.

I stood in the church with burning brow,  
The lips of the priest moved solemn and slow ;  
I noted each pause, and counted each swell,  
As a sentry numbers a minute-bell ;  
For unto the mourner's heart they call  
From the deeps of that wondrous ritual.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall*

*The river droppeth down,*

*As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall*

*On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

My spirit was lost in a mystic scene,  
Where the sun and moon in silvery sheen  
Were belted with stars on emerald wings,  
And fishes and beasts and all fleshly things,  
And the spheres did whirl with laughter and mirth  
Round the grave forefather of the earth.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—*

*We cannot tell what it saith :*

• *It keepeth its secrets down below,  
And so doth Death !*

VI.

The dew falls fast, and the night is dark ;  
The trees stand silent in the park ;  
The festal lights have all died out,  
And nought is heard but a lone owl's shout ;  
The mists keep gathering more and more,  
But the stream is silent as before.

*From bridge to bridge with tremulous fall  
The river droppeth down,  
As it washeth the base of a pleasant hall  
On the skirts of Cambridge town.*

Why should I think of my boyhood's bride  
As I walk by this low-voiced river's side?  
And why should its heartless waters seem  
Like a horrid thought in a feverish dream?  
But it will not speak ; and it keeps in its bed  
The words that are sent us from the dead.

*The river is green, and runneth slow—  
We cannot tell what it saith :  
It keepeth it secrets down below,  
And so doth Death !*



## THE TRANSMIGRATIONS OF LIFE.



LIFE is the transmigration of a soul  
Through various bodies, various states of being ;  
New manners, passions, tastes, pursuits in each ;  
In nothing, save in consciousness, the same.  
Infancy, adolescence, manhood, age,  
Are alway moving onward, alway losing  
Themselves in one another, lost at length,  
Like undulations, on the strand of death.  
The sage of threescore years and ten looks back,—  
With many a pang of lingering tenderness,  
And many a shuddering conscience fit,—on what  
He hath been, is not, cannot be again ;  
Nor trembles less with fear and hope, to think  
What he is now, but cannot long continue,  
And what he must be through uncounted ages.  
—The Child ;—we know no more of happy childhood,  
Than happy childhood knows of wretched eld ;  
And all our dreams of its felicity  
Are incoherent as its own crude visions :  
We but begin to live from that fine point  
Which memory dwells on, with the morning-star,  
The earliest note we heard the cuckoo sing,  
*Or the first daisy that we ever plucked,*

thoughts themselves were stars, and birds, and  
lowers,  
brilliance, simplest music, wild perfume.  
ceforward, mark the metamorphoses !  
ie Boy, the Girl ;—when all was joy, hope, promise ;  
who would be a Boy, a Girl again,  
bear the yoke, to long for liberty,  
d dream of what will never come to pass ?  
The Youth, the Maiden ;—living but for love,  
st learning soon that life hath other cares,  
nd joys less rapturous, but more enduring :  
—The Woman ;—in her offspring multiplied ;  
A tree of life, whose glory is her branches,  
Beneath whose shadow, she (both root and stem)  
Delights to dwell in meek obscurity,  
That they may be the pleasure of beholders :  
—The Man ;—as father of a progeny,  
Whose birth requires his death to make them room,  
Yet in whose lives he feels his resurrection,  
And grows immortal in his children's children :  
—Then the grey Elder ;—leaning on his staff,  
And bowed beneath a weight of years that steal  
Upon him with the secrecy of sleep  
(No snow falls lighter than the snow of age,  
None with such subtlety benumbs the frame),  
Till he forgets sensation, and lies down  
Dead in the lap of his primeval mother ;—  
She throws a shroud of turf and flowers around him,  
Then calls the worms, and bids them do their office :

—Man giveth up the ghost—and where is he ?

Heaven and earth  
Shall pass away, but that which thinks within me  
Must think for ever ; that which feels must feel :  
—I am, and I can never cease to be.

O thou that readest ! take this parable  
Home to thy bosom ; think as I have thought,  
And feel as I have felt, through all the changes  
Which Time, Life, Death, the world's great actors,  
wrought,  
While centuries swept like morning dreams before me,  
And thou shalt find this moral to my song :  
—Thou art, and thou canst never cease to be ;  
What then are time, life, death, the world to thee ?  
I may not answer ; ask Eternity.

*James Montgomery.*



*THE MINISTRY OF NATURE.*



ET not to the animal taste alone  
Is our office of love confined ;  
We will minister pleasures of loftier tone  
To the subtler sense of the mind.

In the beauty that woos the eye around,  
In the music that haunts the ear,  
Ye shall feel a presence more profound  
Than aught that ye see and hear.

A voice from the ocean's world of wonder,  
From the mountain's crest elate,  
From the rushing wind, from the rolling thunder,  
Announces, " GOD IS GREAT."

Where, in the forest's lonely place,  
The fountain dwells secure,  
With smiles upon its dimpled face,  
It tells you " GOD IS PURE."

The humblest flower, the tiniest creature,  
That creeps, or swims, or flies,  
Joins with the mightier forms of nature  
To attest that " GOD IS WISE."

The blessing with the sunshine given  
Wakes joy in field or grove ;  
Heaven speaks to earth, and earth to heaven  
Makes answer "GOD IS LOVE."

Thus borrowing from material things  
A token and a tone,  
We'll teach of love, whose secret springs  
God sees,—and God alone.

*Rev. T. G. Hankins*



*SPIRIT OF LIFE AND LOVE.*



THOU hear'st the rustling amongst the trees,  
And feel'st the cool, refreshing breeze,  
And see'st the clouds move along the sky,  
And the corn-fields waving gracefully.

'Tis the wind that rustles amongst the trees  
That comes in the cool refreshing breeze,  
That drives the clouds along the sky,  
And causes the corn to wave gracefully.

The wind is something thou canst not see,  
'Tis thin air, and a source of life to thee,  
And it teaches that something may really be,  
May exist and work, which thou canst not see.

And those who are under the Spirit's control  
Perceive in their minds, and feel in their soul,  
That the spirit of light which comes from above  
Is a spirit of life, and a spirit of love.





*A PSALM OF LIFE.*

**N**OT a pathway in life's forest,  
Not a pathway on life's sea !  
Who doth heed me, who doth lead me ?  
Ah, woe is me !

Vain the planting and the training,  
For life's tree on every side  
Ever launches useless branches,  
Springs not high, but spreadeth wide.

Ah ! my days go not together  
In an earnest solemn train ;  
But go straying for their playing,  
Or are by each other slain.

Listen, listen ! thou forgettest  
Thou art one of many more ;  
All this ranging and this changing  
Has been law to man of yore.

And thou canst not in life's city  
Rule thy course as in a cell ;  
There are others, all thy brothers,  
Who have work to do as well.

Some events that mar thy purpose  
May light them upon their way ;

---

Our sunshining in declining  
Gives earth's other side the day.

Every star is drawn and draweth  
Midst the orbit of its peers ;  
And the blending thus ascending  
Makes the music of the spheres.

If thou doest one work only,  
In that one work thou'lt fail ;  
Use thou many ropes, if any,  
For the shifting of thy sail.

Then will scarce a wind be stirring  
But thy canvas it shall fill ;  
Not the near way, as thou thoughtest,  
But through tempest, as thou oughtest,  
Though not straightly, not less greatly,  
Thou shalt win the haven still.

*Alfred Vaughan.*



*THE FOOTSTEPS OF THE FLOCK.*



NOT always, Lord, in pastures green  
The sheep at noon Thou feedest,  
Where in the shade they lie  
Within Thy watchful eye ;  
Not always under skies serene  
The white-fleeced flock Thou leadest.

On rugged ways, with bleeding feet,  
They leave their painful traces ;  
Through deserts drear they go,  
Where wounding briars grow,  
And through dark valleys, where they meet  
No quiet resting-places.

Not always by the waters still,  
Or lonely wells palm-hidden,  
Do they find happy rest,  
And, in Thy presence blest,  
Delight themselves, and drink their fill  
Of pleasures unforbidden.

Their track is worn on Sorrow's shore,  
Where windy storms beat ever,—  
Their troubled course they keep  
Where deep calls unto deep ;

So going till they hear the roar  
Of the dark-flowing river,

But wheresoe'er their steps may be,  
So Thou their path be guiding,  
O be their portion mine!—  
Show me the secret sign,  
That I may trace their way to Thee,  
In Thee find rest abiding.

Slowly they gather to the fold  
Upon Thy holy mountain,—  
There, resting round Thy feet,  
They dread no storm nor heat,  
And slake their thirst where Thou hast rolled  
The stone from life's full fountain.

*Rev. J. D. Burns.*



*ENOCH.*



HAST thou not seen at break of day  
One only star the east adorning,  
That never set, nor paled its ray,  
But seemed to sink at once away  
Into the light of morning?

Like him of old who dwelt beneath  
The tents of patriarchal story,  
Who passed, without the touch of Death,  
Without dim eye or failing breath,  
At once into God's glory :

The patriarch of one simple spot,  
The sire of sons and daughters lowly ;  
And this the record of his lot :  
"He walked with God, and he was not,"  
For him the Lord took wholly.

Like a child's voice in sacred song,  
That, trembling, rises high and higher,  
Till, lost at last, it peals along,  
Swelling the anthem sweet and strong  
Of great cathedral choir ;

So year by year, and day by day,  
In pastoral care and household duty,

---


He walked with God, nor knew decay,  
But gently faded, rapt away  
Into His glorious beauty.

Oh ! that our thoughts so heavenly were,  
Our hearts to Christ so fully given,  
That all our loves, and toils, and care,  
Might only lead us nearer there  
Where he is set—in heaven !

*Mrs Alexander.*



## THE CAUSE OF UNBELIEF.

 IS this that captive holds the intellect,  
Once prisoner made in Doubting Castle  
walls,—

This dreary inability to see  
In Scripture aught except the armoury  
Where every sect its sacred weapons seek  
All others to o'erthrow. The knowledge this  
Which, taking the place of childhood's innocence,  
Blinds men to that which most they long to see.  
"I am of Paul," and "Of Apollos, I;"—  
These cries haunt every text, and intercept  
The otherwise plain sense. So Scripture reads  
Only one volume in the vast archives  
Of controversial lore. Oh! from the fold  
Ye who have strayed, and yearn again to feel  
The Shepherd's tender care—oh! cast away  
All thought of these divisions. Read as though  
No schism ever rent in twain the Church.  
Believe—for safely so you may believe—  
The more obscure the meaning of a text,  
The less that meaning signifies to man.  
Pause not to understand, but pause to feel.  
So read, and read again, and always read,  
And every time of reading, more you'll feel,

---

And less not understand. So forward press,  
And to you faith will come, and with you dwell.

'Twas a long struggle ere I found this path,  
And bowed my mind to hear what Scripture says,  
Instead of testing what men make it say.  
But then, abandoning all argument,  
All commentators shunning, passing by  
Whate'er seemed difficult, and tarrying,  
If I may dare to say so, the Lord's time,  
The Book at length possessed me :—I was free.

*W. D. Watson.*





*THE PHARISEES AND SADDUCEES.*



CHRIST had two several wrongs to bear,  
Two sets of foes to flee ;  
The Pharisee drew nigh to snare,  
To sneer the Sadducee.

And still the Lord two classes sees  
His gospel's spread oppose—  
Professing hypocrites are these,  
And sensual worldlings those.

Both to the temple take their way,  
And join the Saviour's walk ;  
But chiefly still that Christ they may  
Entangle in His talk.

Both hear His gracious words of truth,  
Then straight their grace pervert—  
These a self-righteous pride to soothe,  
And those a carnal heart.

Each to the other bears a grudge ;  
These harshly censure those,  
And catch what words of Christ they judge  
To silence put their foes.

---

Both the true Lord alike reject,  
Alike from grace far off ;  
Though these a coming Christ expect,  
And those Messiah scoff.

With both the Lord alike is wroth ;  
Both shall to shame be driven :  
Lord ! help me, while I mix with both,  
To shun of each the leaven.

*Lord Kinloch, from "Time's Treasures."*



*STARS BEHIND THE CROSS.*



AGAINST the ruined wall I leant,  
Gazing on the marble cross :  
Though fair arch and pediment  
In a piteous ruin lay,  
Its white beauty knew no loss ;  
And, behind, the still stars went  
On their everlasting course ;  
And I could not choose but say,  
“ There are stars behind the Cross.”

Nor my life has e'er forgot  
The great lesson of that eve ;  
Long has sorrow been my lot,  
In the night and in the day,  
Hopes that flatter and deceive,  
Joys that bloom then fade and rot,  
Gains that only end in loss ;  
Yet I cannot choose but say,  
“ There are stars behind the Cross.”

Love, that seemed so beautiful,  
Is of tears the constant source ;  
For my eyes are dim and dull  
While my love is far away :  
Bitter is my daily loss,

Yet, that I am sorrowful  
Still doth bring a strange remorse ;  
And I cannot choose but say,  
"There are stars behind the Cross."

Though the end is high and pure,  
Weary is the daily force,  
That my courage may endure  
A distasteful toil to stay ;  
Tides of music through me coursê ;  
While the poet's hopes allure  
I must spend my life for dross ;  
Yet I cannot choose but say,  
"There are stars behind the Cross."

For the spirit's sacrifice  
Hath a gain above its loss ;  
God is better than my choice :  
At His holy feet I lay  
Love's and joy's and life's resource ;  
Though I cannot quite rejoice,  
Calmness, peace, and not remorse,  
Come to me—I love to say,  
"There are stars behind the Cross."

*W. T. Edwards.*



*"WE KNOW NOT WHAT WE SHALL BE."*



HAT we, when face to face we see  
The Father of our souls, shall be,  
John tells us, doth not yet appear ;  
Ah ! did he tell what we are here ?

A mind for thoughts to pass into,  
A heart for loves to travel through,  
Five senses to detect things near,  
Is this the whole that we are here ?

Rules baffle instincts—instincts rules,  
Wise men are bad, and good are fools,  
Facts evil—wishes vain appear ;  
We cannot go, why are we here ?

Oh ! may we, for assurance' sake,  
Some arbitrary judgment take,  
And wilfully pronounce it clear  
For this or that 'tis we are here ?

Or is it right, and will it do,  
To pace the sad confusion through,  
And say—It doth not yet appear  
What we shall be, what we are here ?

Ah ! yet, when all is thought and said,  
The heart still overrules the head ;  
Still what we hope we must believe,  
And what is given us receive ;

Must still believe, for still we hope  
That, in a world of larger scope,  
What here is faithfully begun  
Will be completed, not undone.

My child ! we still must think, when we  
That ampler life together see,  
Some true result will yet appear  
Of what we are together here.

*A. H. Clough.*



VANITIES—GONE IN THE WIND.

*From the German.*



SOLOMON ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in  
the wind.

Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in  
the wind.

Like the shadows of noon, like the dreams of the blind,  
Vanish the glories and pomps of the earth in the wind.

Man ! canst thou build upon aught in the pride of thy  
mind ?

Wisdom will teach thee that nothing can tarry behind ;  
Though there be thousand bright actions embalmed and  
enshrined,

Myriads and millions of brighter are snow in the wind.

Solomon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.

Babylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.

All that the genius of man hath achieved or designed  
Waits but its hour to be dealt with as dust by the wind.

Say, what is Pleasure ?—a phantom, a mask undefined ;  
Science ?—an almond, whereof we can pierce but the rind ;  
Honour and affluence ?—firmans that fortune hath signed  
Only to glitter and pass on the wings of the wind.

omon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.  
ylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.  
o is the fortunate ? He who in anguish hath pined ;  
shall rejoice when his relics are dust in the wind.

tal ! be careful with what thy best hopes are entwined.  
e to the miners for truth where the lampless have  
mined !  
e to the seekers on earth for what none ever find !  
y and their trust shall be scattered like leaves on the  
wind.

omon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.  
ylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.  
opy in death are they only whose hearts have consigned  
earth's affections and longings and cares to the wind.

7, thou reader ! the madness of poor human kind,  
ring of knowledge, and Satan so busy to blind ;  
ing of glory, like me,—for the garlands I bind  
rlands of song) are but gathered, and strewn in the  
wind.

omon ! where is thy throne ? It is gone in the wind.  
ylon ! where is thy might ? It is gone in the wind.  
bul-Namez, must rest ; for my fire hath declined,  
l I hear voices from Hades like bells on the wind.

*Rueckert.*





## THE SECOND DAY'S CREATION.

*"Shadows of things not seen as yet."*



HIS world I deem but a beautiful dream  
Of shadows that are not what they seem,  
Where visions rise, giving dim surmise  
Of the things that shall meet our waking eyes.

Arm of the Lord ! Creating Word !  
Whose glory the silent skies record,  
Where stands Thy name, in scrolls of flame,  
On the firmament's high-shadowing frame !

I gaze o'erhead, where Thy hand hath spread  
For the waters of heaven that crystal bed,  
And stored the dew in its deeps of blue,  
Which the fires of the sun come tempered through.

Soft they shine through that pure shrine,  
As beneath the veil of Thy flesh divine  
Beams forth the light, that were else too bright  
For the feebleness of a sinner's sight.

And thus I deem this world will seem  
When we waken from life's mysterious dream,  
And burst the shell where our spirits dwell  
In their wondrous ante-natal cell.

I gaze aloof on the tissued roof,  
Where time and space are the warp and woof,  
Which the King of kings as a curtain flings  
O'er the dreadfulness of eternal things—

A tapestried tent, to shade us meant  
From the bare everlasting firmament,  
Where the blaze of the skies comes soft to our eyes  
Through a veil of mystical imageries.

But could I see as in truth they be  
The glories of heaven that encompass me,  
I should lightly hold the tissued fold  
Of that marvellous curtain of blue and gold.

Soon the whole, like a parched scroll,  
Shall before my amazed sight uproll,  
And without a screen at one burst be seen  
The Presence wherein I have ever been.

Oh ! who shall bear the blinding glare  
Of the Majesty that shall meet us there ?  
What eye may gaze on the unveiled blaze  
Of the light-girdled throne of the Ancient of days ?  
Christ us aid ! Himself be our shade !  
That in that dread day we be not dismayed.

*Rev. T. Whytehead.*



*THE PILGRIM.*



HEERFUL, O Lord! at Thy command  
I bind my sandals on ;  
I take my pilgrim's staff in hand,  
And go to seek the better land,  
The way Thy feet have gone.

I oft shall think, when on my way  
Some bitter grief I meet,  
"This path hath echoed with His moan,  
And every rude and flinty stone  
Hath bruised His blessed feet."

Fainting and sad along the road,  
Thou layest on my head  
The hands they fastened to the tree,  
The hands that paid the price for me,  
The hands that brake the bread.

Thou whisperest some pleasant word,  
I catch the much-loved tone ;  
I feel Thee near, my gracious Lord !  
I know Thou keepest watch and ward,  
And all my grief is gone.

---


From every mountain's rugged peak  
The far-off land I view ;  
And from its fields of fadeless bloom  
Come breezes laden with perfume,  
And fan my weary brow.

There peaceful hills and holy vales  
Sleep in eternal day ;  
While rivers, deep and silent, glide  
'Twixt meads and groves on either side,  
Through which the blessed stray.

There He abides who is of heaven  
The loveliest and the best ;  
His face, when shall I gaze upon ?  
Or share with the beloved John  
The pillow of His breast ?



*MOUNT HOREB.*

N Horeb's rock the Prophet stood,  
The Lord before him passed ;  
A hurricane, in angry mood,  
Swept by him strong and fast :  
The forests fell before its force,  
The rocks were shivered by its course :  
God rode not in the blast ;—  
'Twas but the whirlwind of His breath,  
Announcing danger, wreck, and death.

It ceased—the air was mute—a cloud  
Came, hiding up the sun ;  
When through the mountains, deep and loud,  
An earthquake thundered on.  
The frightened eagle sprang in air,  
The wolf ran howling from his lair :  
God was not in the stun ;—  
'Twas but the rolling of His car,  
The trampling of His steeds from far.

'Twas still again, and Nature stood,  
And calmed her ruffled frame ;  
When swift from heaven a fiery flood  
To earth devouring came :

Down to the depths the ocean fled,—  
The sick'ning sun looked wan and dead,  
Yet God filled not the flame ;—  
'Twas but the fierceness of His eye  
That lighted through the troubled sky.

At last, a Voice, all still and small,  
Rose sweetly on the ear,  
Yet rose so clear and shrill, that all  
In heaven and earth might hear.  
It spoke of peace, it spoke of love,  
It spoke as angels speak above ;  
And God Himself was near !  
For, oh ! it was a Father's voice,  
That bade His trembling world rejoice.

Speak, gracious Lord ! speak ever thus ;  
And let Thy terrors prove  
But harbingers of peace to us,  
But heralds of Thy love !  
Come through the earthquake, fire, and storm,  
Come in Thy mildest, sweetest form,  
And all our fears remove !  
One word from Thee is all we claim :  
Be that one word, a Saviour's name !

*Rev. Henry Lyte.*



*"AS THY DAY IS, SO SHALL THY  
STRENGTH BE."*



EARS rapidly shift on  
(Like clouds athwart the sky),  
And, lo ! sad watch we keep,  
When in perturbed sleep  
The sick doth lie.

We gaze on some pale face  
Shown by the dim watch-light ;  
Shuddering, we gaze, and pray,  
And weep—and wish away  
The long, long night.

And yet minutest things,  
That mark time's tedious tread,  
Are on the feverish brain,  
With self-protracting pain,  
Deep minuted.

The drops with trembling hand  
(Love-steadied) poured out ;  
The draught replenished ;  
The label oft re-read  
With nervous doubt.

The watch, that ticks so loud,  
The winding it for one  
Whose hand lies powerless ;  
And then the fearful guess,—  
"Ere *this* hath run . . . ."

The shutter, half-unclosed  
As the night wears away,  
Ere the last stars are set—  
Pale stars!—that linger yet  
Till perfect day.

The morn, so oft invoked,  
That bringeth no relief,  
From which with sickening sight  
We turn, as if its light  
But mocked our grief.

Oh ! never, after dawn,  
For us the east shall streak,  
But we shall see again,  
With the same thoughts as then,  
*That* pale daybreak.

The desolate awakening  
When first we feel alone !  
"Dread memories" are these !  
Yet who, for heartless ease,  
Would exchange one ?



These are the soul's hid wealth—  
Relics embalmed with tears.  
Or, if her curious eye  
Searcheth futurity,  
The depths of years,—

There (from the deck of youth)  
Enchanted land she sees ;  
Blue skies and sunbright bowers  
Reflected, and tall towers,  
On glassy seas.

But heavy clouds collect  
Over that bright blue sky ;  
And rough winds rend the trees,  
And lash those glassy seas  
To billows high.

And then, the last thing seen  
By that dim light may be  
(With helm and rudder lost)  
A lone wreck tempest-tost  
On the dark sea !

Thus doth the soul extend  
Her brief existence *here*,—  
Thus multiplieth she  
(Yea, to infinity)  
The short career.

---


Presumptuous and unwise !  
As if the present sum  
Were little of life's woe !—  
Why seeketh she to know  
Ills yet to come ?

Look up, look up, my soul,  
To loftier mysteries ;  
Trust in His word to thee,  
Who saith, " All tears shall be  
Wiped from all eyes."

*Mrs Southey.*



*THE FIRST GREY HAIR.*

UNNNY locks of brightest hue  
Once around my temples grew.  
Laugh not, lady ! for 'tis true ;  
Laugh not, lady ! for with thee  
Time may deal despitefully :  
Time, if long he lead thee here,  
May subdue that mirthful cheer ;  
Round those laughing lips and eyes  
Time may write sad histories ;  
Deep indent that even brow,  
Change those locks, so sunny now,  
To as dark and dull a shade  
As on mine his touch hath laid.  
Lady ! yes, these locks of mine  
Clustered once with golden shine,  
Temples, neck, and shoulders round,  
Richly gushing if unbound,  
If from band and bodkin free,  
Well-nigh downward to the knee.  
Some there were took fond delight,  
Sporting with those tresses bright,  
To enring with living gold  
Fingers now beneath the mould—  
(Woe is me !) grown icy cold.

One dear hand hath smoothed them too  
Since they lost the sunny hue,  
Since their bright abundance fell  
Under the destroying spell—  
One dear hand ! the tenderest  
Ever nurse-child rocked to rest,  
Ever wiped away its tears,  
Even those of later years.  
From a cheek untimely hollow,  
Bitter drops that still may follow,  
Where's the hand will wipe away ?  
Hers I kissed—(ah ! dismal day)—  
Pale as on the shroud it lay.  
*Then*, methought, youth's latest gleam  
Departed from me like a dream.  
Still, though lost their sunny tone,  
Glossy brown those tresses shone,  
Here and there, in wave and ring,  
Golden threads still glittering ;  
And (from band and bodkin free)  
Still they flowed luxuriantly.

Careful days and wakeful nights  
Early trenched on young delights ;  
Then of ills an endless train,  
Wasting languor, wearying pain,  
Fev'rish thought that racks the brain,  
Crowding all on summer's prime,  
*Made me* old before my time.

So a dull, unlovely hue  
O'er the sunny tresses grew ;  
Thinned their rich abundance too—  
Not a thread of golden light  
In the sunshine glancing bright.

Now again a shining streak  
'Gins the dusky cloud to break ;  
Here and there a glittering thread  
Lights the ringlets, dark and dead :  
Glittering light !—but pale and cold—  
Glittering thread !—but *not of gold*.


Silent warning ! silvery streak !  
Not unheeded dost thou speak ;  
Not with feelings light and vain—  
Not with fond regretful pain,  
Look I on the token sent  
To declare the day far spent ;—  
Dark and troubled hath it been—  
Sore misused ! and yet between  
Gracious gleams of peace and grace  
Shining from a better place.

Brighten—brighten, blessed light !  
Fast approach the shades of night :  
When they quite enclose me round,  
May my lamp be burning found !

*Mrs Southey.*



*THE VOICELESS.*

E count the broken lyres that rest  
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber ;  
But o'er their silent sisters' breast  
The wild-flowers who will stoop to number ?  
A few can touch the magic string,  
And noisy Fame is proud to win them.  
Alas ! for those that never sing,  
But die with all their music in them !

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,  
Whose song has told their heart's sad story ;  
Weep for the voiceless, who have known  
The cross, but not the crown of glory ;  
Not where Loucadian breezes sweep  
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted billow,  
But were the glistening night-dews weep  
On nameless sorrow's churchyard pillow.

Oh ! hearts that break and give no sign,  
Save whitening lips and faded tresses,  
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,  
Slow dropped from Misery's crushing presses !

If singing breath or echoing chord  
To every hidden pang were given,  
What endless melodies were poured,  
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven !

*Wendell Holmes.*



*THE FOOTSTEP'S FALL.*



THE footstep's fall ! time presses on,  
With you, with me, with all ;  
And sad it is to mark the change  
Ev'n in the footstep's fall.

I recollect those childish days,  
When, innocent and small,  
Like fairy prints upon the grave  
Were seen our footstep's fall.

I recollect that riper age,  
When, blest in love's sweet thrall,  
Swiftly to meet, o'er night's lone path,  
Echoed the footstep's fall.

I've known the dream that flies ere proved,  
Eager at pleasure's ball,  
Where merry, merry rang the laugh,  
Merry the footstep's fall.

I've known the busy, business world,  
The world of care and gall,  
Where, drudging weary years of toil,  
Heavy the footstep's fall.



And now the tottering frame of eld  
Slowly obeys the call ;  
Life wanes apace, still hastening down,  
And feebly footsteps fall.

The end is near,—the last dark step,—  
The coffin and the pall ;  
Silence—and never more on earth  
Shall sound our footstep's fall !

*W. Jerdan.*



*WE ARE GROWING OLD.*



WE are growing old ! how the thought will rise  
When a glance is backward cast  
On some long-remembered spot that lies  
In the silence of the past !  
It may be the shrine of our early vows,  
Or the tomb of early years ;  
But it seems like a far-off isle to us,  
In the stormy sea of years.

Oh ! wide and wild are the waves that part  
Our steps from its greenness now,  
And we miss the joy of many a heart,  
And the light of many a brow ;  
For deep o'er many a stately bark  
Have the whelming billows rolled,  
That steered with us from that early mark—  
Oh ! friends we are growing old !

Old in the dimness and the dust  
Of our daily toils and cares ;—  
Old in the wrecks of love and trust  
Which our burdened memory bears :  
Each form may wear to the passing gaze  
The bloom of life's freshness yet,  
And beams may brighten our latter days  
Which the morning never met ;—

But, oh ! the changes we have seen  
In the far and winding way—  
The graves in our path that have grown green,  
And the locks that have grown grey !  
The winters still on our own may spare  
The sable or the gold ;  
But we saw their snows upon brighter hair—  
And, friends, we are growing old !

We have gained the world's cold wisdom now,  
We have learned to pause and fear ;  
But where are the living founts, whose flow  
Was a joy of heart to hear ?  
We have won the wealth of many a clime,  
And the lore of many a page ;  
But where is the hope that saw in Time  
But its boundless heritage ?

Will it come again when the violet wakes,  
And the woods their youth renew ?  
We have stood in the light of sunny brakes,  
Where the bloom was deep and blue ;  
And our souls might joy in the spring-time then,  
But the joy was faint and cold—  
For it ne'er could give us the youth again  
Of hearts that are growing old.

*Frances Bröwne.*



*A WATCH OF THE NIGHT.*



STAND with silent breath  
To hear one little cry  
Ring through the roaring sky  
And worlds of life and death.

“Wake, timid soul, and be !  
Two fathers wait thy birth :  
The love of heaven and earth  
Stands by to welcome thee !”

*Bayard Taylor.*



*HERE AND THERE.*




FADING here, failing here,  
Weeping here, waiting here,  
Toiling night and morn !  
Hungry here, lonely here,  
Wretched here, hated here,  
Yet not quite forlorn !

If work is here, rest is there ;  
If pain is here, peace is there,  
And hope is everywhere !  
If grief is here, joy is there ;  
If gloom is here, light is there,  
And love is everywhere !

If tears are here, smiles are there ;  
If sighs are here, calm is there,  
And God is everywhere !  
If sin is here, Christ is there ;  
If death is here, life is there,  
And God is everywhere !

*Holme Lee.*

“UP - HILL.”

OES the road wind up-hill all the way ?—  
    *Yes, to the very end.*  
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?—  
    *From morn to night, my friend.*

But is there for the night a resting-place ?—  
    *A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.*  
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?—  
    *You cannot miss that inn.*

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?—  
    *Those who have gone before.*  
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?—  
    *They will not keep you standing at that door.*

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?—  
    *Of labour you shall find the sum.*  
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?—  
    *Yea, beds for all who come.*

*Miss Rossetti.*



*THE INNERMOST SHRINE.*



HERE is a flesh-lump in man's mortal part,  
And in this lump of flesh doth beat the heart,  
And in this heart the deathless spirit bides,  
And in this spirit conscious mystery hides,  
And in this mystery deep a light doth glow,  
And in this light learn thou thy God to know.

*Alger's "Oriental Poetry."*



*THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.*



THE grave is not that place of rest  
Which unbelievers teach,  
Where grief can never win a tear,  
Nor sorrow ever reach.

The eye that shed the tear is closed,  
The heaving breast is cold ;  
But that which suffers and enjoys  
No new-made grave can hold.

The mouldering earth and happy worm  
The dust they lent may claim ;  
But the enduring spirit lives,  
Eternally the same.

*Caroline Fry.*





*"I KNOW THOU HAST GONE."*



KNOW thou hast gone to the home of thy rest  
Then why should my soul be so sad ?  
I know thou hast gone where the weary are blest  
And the mourner looks up and is glad ;  
Where love hath put off, in the land of its birth,  
The stains it had gathered in this ;  
And Hope, the sweet singer that gladdened the earth,  
Lies asleep in the bosom of bliss.

I know thou hast gone where thy forehead is starred  
With the beauty that dwelt in thy soul,  
Where the light of thy loveliness cannot be marred,  
Nor thy heart be flung back from its goal.

I know thou hast drunk of a Lethe that flows  
Through a land where they do not forget,  
That gives to the memory only repose,  
And takes from it only regret.

In thy far-away dwelling, wherever that be,  
I believe thou hast visions of mine,  
And the love that made all things a music to me  
I have not yet learned to resign.

In the hush of the night, in the waste of the sea,  
Or alone with the breeze on the hill,  
I have ever a spirit that whispers to me,  
And my spirit lies down and is still.

as must be dark, which so long have been dimmed,  
when they may gaze upon thine,  
earth hath revealings of thee and thy home  
by a token and sign.

Look up with a vow to the sky,  
bright like thy beauty is there,  
or a low murmur like thine in reply  
[ pour out my spirit in prayer.

Oh, like a mourner that sits by a tomb,  
rapt in a mantle of care,  
grief of my bosom, I call it not gloom,  
but the black grief of despair ;  
morrow revealed, as the stars are by night,  
a bright vision appears ;  
, like the rainbow, a creature of light,  
, like the rainbow, in tears.

*T. K. Hervey.*



*WE SHALL ALL BE CHANGED.*



H! we shall all be changed. Who hath not felt,  
In gazing on the form of one beloved,  
Stretched stiff and cold, where death already hath  
Obliteration breathed—who hath not felt  
An awful sense of change? Who hath not said,  
In the abandonment of hopeless grief  
And the wild ecstasy of separation,  
“How shall I know thee in the land of heaven?  
Thy lineaments, the spirit of thine eye,  
Thy speech, thy attitude, thy fond caress,  
All tokens that I knew thee by, all means  
Of intercourse and knowledge, death hath taken,  
And buried in the ruins of the grave:  
How shall I know thee in the land of heaven?”

There are two mighty changes we pass through :  
One visible, the other is not seen—  
The change of death, the wondrous change of life.  
We are slaves of sense, and fear the change  
We see. The moods and images of grief,  
The fears, the blankness of the dark despair,  
The sense of utter loneliness, arise  
From the cold, feelingless, decaying corpse  
We see deposited within the grave.  
*There is a change we see not, into life :*

Let us thence kindle hope, so bright, its rays  
Shall penetrate the valley of the shade  
Of death, and touch the distant hills of heaven  
With dawning glories of eternal day.

Does change imply destruction of what is ?  
May we not all be changed, and yet retain  
A sanctified remembrance of the world ?  
May we not all be changed, yet recollect  
And see in one wide vision all the past ?  
May we not all be changed, and yet possess  
The total of our being from our birth,  
Linked in continuous development—  
None perished or impaired, but swallowed up  
(Distinct and blended) in a brighter birth ?  
And if we may hereafter know ourselves  
Unutterably more than we do now,  
May we not know the objects of our love  
As much more deeply as we know ourselves ;  
Not by the earthly vision, or the ear,  
Whose imperfections often play us false,  
But in mysterious recognisance  
Our souls may touch and mingle to the centre,  
Each pour in each the heaven of her bliss,  
And blend their immortalities in one ?

*Edward H. Strype.*



## THE GRAVEYARD.



HE waning light of summer day  
Still lingers on the verdant ground,  
As loth to draw its beams away  
From gravestone and from grassy mound.

No voice of living nature grieves  
For those who now for ever rest,  
Naught but a breath of rustling leaves,  
As soft as sigh from human breast.

Here let our willing feet remain,  
While, far from common toil and fret,  
We steal from time that hour again  
Which all have known and all forget.

That hour, when those we call the dead  
Come to our hearts from other spheres,  
And calm delight and solace shed,  
Too deep for words, too pure for tears.

Who can bewail this mortal state,  
Or question Heaven, or curse our lot,  
Or e'en lament our transient date,  
In nature's humblest, sweetest spot ?

Does not the inward teacher say,  
That death has stored no trophies here ?  
For angel hands have rolled away  
The stone from every sepulchre.

They all have risen ! These buried bones  
Of dust were wrought, to dust are given :  
The names upon these sculptured stones  
Are names of those who live in heaven.

The grandsire from his honoured bier  
Rose up to share immortal youth  
With kindred souls from every sphere  
Who lived *for* good and lived *in* truth.

The beauteous child, by gentle powers  
Was disentangled from his clay,  
And borne to grow in heavenly bowers  
To perfect form in perfect day.

Wife, husband, children, meet again,  
And, in the glow of mutual love,  
Found all their lives, except the pain,  
Restored, renewed, and blest above.

And knew ye of a constant pair,  
Whose separation fate decreed,  
Whose fruitless loves were writ in air,  
Whose bursting hearts were made to bleed ?

Beyond the realm of hopes and dreams,  
Of time and space, of cloud and sun,  
Their spirits, like two fairy streams,  
Approached and mingled into one.

Of all the erring, base, and proud,  
If one in this fair spot there lies,  
Shall we presume to pierce the cloud  
That veils his future destinies ?

Ah, no ! we never can foretell  
What fates to sinful man befall ;  
But this we know, and feel it well,  
Our Father made and loves them all

The golden clouds are paling fast,  
And twilight weeps at sunset's urn ;  
So have these lives from nature past,  
Which ne'er to nature shall return.

It is not sad—we need not fear ;  
It is not dark—we need not grope :  
Behold ! the moon and stars appear,  
The light of Peace, the smiles of Hope.

*From "The Dial" (American.)*



*THE OTHER WORLD.*



T lies around us like a cloud,  
A world we do not see ;  
Yet the sweet closing of an eye  
May bring us there to be.

Its gentle breezes fan our cheek ;  
Amid our worldly cares,  
Its gentle voices whisper love,  
And mingle with our prayers.

Sweet hearts around us throb and beat,  
Sweet helping hands are stirred,  
And palpitates the veil between  
With breathings almost heard.

The silence, awful, sweet, and calm,  
They have no power to break,  
For mortal words are not for them  
To utter or partake.

So thin, so soft, so sweet, they glide,  
So near to press they seem,  
They lull us gently to our rest,  
They melt into our dream.



And in the hush of rest they bring,  
    'Tis easy now to see  
How lovely and how sweet a pass  
    The hour of death may be ;—

To close the eye and close the ear,  
    Wrapped in a trance of bliss,  
And gently drawn in loving arms,  
    To swoon to that from this,—

Scarce knowing if we wake or sleep,  
    Scarce asking where we are,  
To feel all evil sink away,  
    All sorrow and all care.

Sweet souls around us ! watch us still ;  
    Press nearer to our side ;  
Into our thoughts, into our prayers,  
    With gentle helpings glide.

Let death between us be as naught,  
    A dried and vanished stream ;  
Your joy be the reality,  
    Our suffering life the dream.

*Mrs H. B. Stowe.*



*THE HEART'S HOME.*



HERE is thy home? Thus to my heart appeal-  
ing

I spake. Say thou who hast had part  
In all my inmost being's deepest feeling,  
Where is thy proper home? Tell me, my heart!  
Is it where peaceful groves invite to leisure,  
And silvery brooklets lapse in easy measure?  
No, no! my heart responded, No!

Where is thy home? Amid the tempest's anger,  
And torrents leaping wild from rock to rock,  
Where the bold hunter finds delight in danger,  
And bleeding victims fall beneath his stroke?  
Or is it 'mid the artillery's thundering rattle,  
The clash of swords, the roar and rush of battle?  
Calmly my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home? Perchance where tropic splendour.  
In golden luxury of light, calls forth  
The purple grape; perchance, 'midst roses tender,  
Thou revellest in the beauty of the South.  
Is that thy home, beneath the palm-tree shadows,  
And ever-verdant summer's flowery meadows?  
Still, still my heart made answer, No!

Where is thy home ? Is it 'mid icebergs hoary,  
The crags and snow-fields of the Arctic strand,  
Where the midsummer's midnight sees the glory  
Of sunset and of sunrise hand-in-hand,  
Where 'twixt the fir-trees gleams the snow-drift's white-  
ness,  
And starry night flames with auroral brightness ?  
But still my whispering heart said, No !

Where is thy home ? Is it within *her* presence,  
Whose heart responsive pulses to thy love,  
Who taught of suffering the divinest essence,  
When hope was dead in life's sweet myrtle grove ?  
Is that the home—the home of tender feeling ?  
It must be so ; hence all this fond concealing !  
But plaintively my heart said, No !

Where is thy home ? Say if perchance it lieth  
In that prefigured land of love and light,  
Whither, they say, the soul enfranchised flieth  
When earthly bounds no longer check *her* flight ?  
Is there thy home ?—the unknown realms elysian  
Which shine beyond the stars, a heavenly vision ?  
Then first my heart made answer, Yes !

There is my home, it said, with quick emotion ;  
*My primal home*, to which I am akin.

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Though thou has kindled fires for my devotion,  
Yet I forget not heaven's pure flame within.  
Amid the ashes still a spark surviveth,  
Which ever yearneth heavenward, ever striveth  
To be with God. There is my home !  
*The Late King of Sweden.*



*THE GATHERING HOME.*



HEY are gathering homeward from every land

One by one ;

As their weary feet touch the shining strand

One by one,

Their brows are enclosed in a golden crown,

Their travel-stained garments are all laid down,

And clothed in white raiment they rest on the mead,

Where the Lamb loveth His chosen to lead,

One by one.

Before they rest they pass through the strife,

One by one ;

Through the waters of death they enter life,

One by one ;

To some are the floods of the river still

As they ford on their way to the heavenly hill,

To others the waves run fiercely and wild,

Yet all reach the home of the Undefined,

One by one.

We too shall come to that river-side,

One by one ;

We are nearer its waters each eventide,

One by one.

We can hear the noise and dash of the stream  
Now and again through our life's deep dream ;  
Sometimes the floods all the banks o'erflow,  
Sometimes in ripples the small waves go,  
One by one.

Jesus! Redeemer! we look to Thee,  
One by one ;  
We lift up our voices tremblingly,  
One by one.

The waves of the river are dark and cold,  
We know not the spots where our feet may hold ;  
Thou, who didst pass through in deep midnight,  
Strengthen us, send us the staff and the light,  
One by one.

Plant Thou Thy feet beside as we tread,  
One by one ;  
On Thee let us lean each drooping head,  
One by one ;  
Let but Thy strong arm around us be twined,  
We shall cast all our fears and cares to the wind :  
Saviour! Redeemer! with Thee full in view,  
Smilingly, gladsomely, shall we pass through,  
One by one.

*Mary Leslie.*



*ON THE DEATH OF HIS WIFE.*



THE voice which I did more esteem  
Than music in its sweetest key,  
Those eyes which unto me did seem  
More comfortable than the day ;  
Those now by me, as they have been,  
Shall never more be heard or seen ;  
But what I once enjoyed in them  
Shall seem hereafter as a dream.

All earthly comforts vanish thus ;  
So little hold of them have we,  
That we from them or they from us  
May in a moment ravished be ;  
Yet we are neither just nor wise  
If present mercies we despise,  
Or mind not how there may be made  
A thankful use of what we had.

I therefore do not so bemoan,  
Though these beseeming tears I drop,  
The loss of my beloved one  
As they that are deprived of hope ;  
But in expression of my grief  
My heart receiveth some relief,  
And joyeth in the good I had,  
Although my sweets are bitter made.

Lord ! keep me faithful to the trust  
Which my dear spouse reposed in me,  
To her now dead preserve me just  
In all that should performed be ;  
For though our being man and wife  
Extendeth only to this life,  
Yet neither life nor death should end  
The being of a faithful friend.

*George Wither.*





*LOVE AND DEATH.*



H ! strong as the eagle, oh ! mild as the dove,  
How like and how unlike, O Death and O  
Love !

Knitting earth to the heaven, the near to the far,  
With the step in the dust, and the eye on the star.

Ever changing your symbols of light or of gloom ;  
Now the rue on the altar, the rose on the tomb.

From Love, if the infant receiveth his breath,  
The love that gave life yields a subject to Death.

When Death smites the aged, escaping above,  
Flies the soul re-delivered by Death unto Love.

And therefore in wailing we enter on life ;  
And therefore in smiling depart from its strife.

Thus Love is best known by the tears it has shed ;  
And Death's surest sign is the smile of the dead.


The purer the spirit, the clearer its view,  
The more it confoundeth the shapes of the two ;

For, if thou lov'st truly, thou canst not dis sever  
The grave from the altar, the Now from the Ever ;

And if, nobly hoping, thou gazest above,  
In Death thou beholdest the aspect of Love.

*Lord Lytton.*

## THE TWO VOICES.

WO solemn voices in a funeral strain  
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain  
Meet in the sky :  
"Thou art gone hence !" one sang ; " our light is flown,  
Beautiful, that seemed too much our own  
Ever to die !

"Thou art gone hence !—our joyous hills among,  
I again to pour thy soul in song  
When spring-flowers rise !  
I the friend's familiar step to meet  
loving laughter, and the welcome sweet  
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone *home* !" then high and clear  
I led that other voice : "Thou hast no tear  
Again to shed ;  
I to fold the robe o'er secret pain,  
I, weighed down by memory's clouds, again  
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home ! oh ! early crowned and blest !  
I could the love of that deep heart find rest

With aught below?  
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,  
All the bright rose-leaves drop from life away—  
Thrice blessed to go !”

Yet sighed again that breeze-like voice of grief—  
“Thou art gone hence ! alas ! that aught so brief,  
So loved should be :  
Thou tak’st our summer hence !—the flower, the tone,  
The music of our being all in one,  
Depart with thee !

“Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled !  
Canst *thou* be of the dead, the awful dead,  
The dark unknown ?  
Yes ! to thy dwelling, where no footsteps fall,  
Never again to light up hearth or hall,  
Thy smile is gone !”

“Home, *home* !” once more the exulting voice arose :  
“Thou art gone home !—from that divine repose  
Never to roam :  
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,  
To read of change in eyes beloved again—  
Thou art gone home !

“By the bright waters now thy lot is cast—  
*Joy for thee, happy friend ! thy bark hath past*

The rough sea's foam !  
w the long yearnings of thy soul are stilled.  
me ! home ! thy peace is won, thy heart is filled—  
Thou art gone home ! ”

*Mrs Hemans.*



*GLADNESS SPRINGING FROM GRIEF.*



OME hither, friends ! come hither, friends !  
So great the joy our Father sends,  
I want to share with you :  
For He hath made the blind receive,  
New sight ! Come, help me to believe  
The miracle is true.

“ Oh ! what the joy, and whence the beam  
That lights your look as with the gleam  
Of waters in the waste ? ”  
Come, kneel by me, on bended knee ;  
Ye must stoop low if ye would see,—  
Lower, if ye would taste !

Sweet friends ! ye know the little grave  
To which my heart would crawl, and crave,  
As 'twere a worm o' the dust ?  
I writhed so low, it rose so high,  
The mound that shut out all the sky :  
So broken was my trust.

This morn I sought it !—hardly one  
Of all my unshed tears would run ;

*Gladness Springing from Grief.* 119

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Instead—from out the sod—  
A spring had gushed through dust and weeds,  
And in the light of God it feeds  
My life, direct from God.

*Gerald Massey.*



*THE ANGEL'S BLOSSOM.*



HEARD a maiden sighing,  
And a mother at her prayers ;  
The maiden was a dying,  
And the mother was in tears.

I saw an angel enter  
At the curtained window-bars,  
Like silver light in winter  
From the river in the stars ;

With raiment of rare whiteness,  
And with wings of rosy red,  
And a golden, golden brightness  
For the glory of his head.

He touched the mother's temples,  
And the mother ceased to weep ;  
He kissed the maiden's dimples,  
And she sank into a sleep.

He took the sleeping maiden  
In gentleness and love,  
With his little burden laden  
Like a snow-flake on a dove.

And whispered, "Thou art welcome  
To the place where planets shine ;  
What wilt thou take to my home,  
For a memory of thine ?"

She answered, "Gentle Power !  
If the bud may blossom there,  
I will take the daisy flower  
Out from my mother's hair."

The angel gave the daisy  
With a quiet, careful hand,  
And flew by star-paths mazy  
Up to the happy land.

But she saw that in his fingers  
Another flower shone ;  
The flower that latest lingers  
When the golden days are gone.

"And whether dost thou carry  
That bud ?" she made reply,  
"We may no longer tarry,  
I will tell thee as we fly !

"In the city we are leaving  
There lay a dying boy ;  
The bud I bear to heaven,  
It was his only joy.



“ His days were long and dreary  
In the dismal, dismal street,  
And at night 'twas very weary  
To count the passing feet.

“ For he lay from morn to midnight,  
Watching the shadows pass,  
And never saw the sunlight,  
Nor the pleasant country grass.

“ But when his flower opened,  
He knew the fields were green,  
And its falling leaves betokened  
That all the flowers had been.

“ He saw it ere he slumbered,  
He watched it as it grew ;  
Its very leaves he numbered,  
And its coming buds he knew.

“ And to his aching bosom  
It brought such happy rest,  
That he loved his little blossom  
Next to his mother best.

“ 'Twas in the white December  
God took the boy above ;  
Yet doth he still remember  
His lowly flower-love.

"It was not made to wither,  
A thing so good and fair ;  
Therefore I sought it thither,  
And take it to him there.


"In heaven's soil abiding,  
These buds shall brighter blow,  
And tell as pleasant tidings  
Of those that live below."

"How know'st thou this, bright Power ?"  
Then splendidly he smiled :  
"Should I not know *my* flower ?  
*I* was that sickly child !"

*Edwin Arnold, from Hans. C. Andersen.*



PEACE.

Y soul ! there is a country  
Far beyond the stars,  
Where stands a wingèd sentry

All skilful in the wars ;  
There, above noise and danger,  
Sweet Peace sits crowned with smiles ;  
And One born in a manger  
Commands the beauteous files.  
He is thy gracious Friend,  
And—oh ! my soul, awake—  
Did in pure love descend  
To die here for thy sake.  
If thou canst get but thither,  
There grows the flower of peace,  
The rose that cannot wither,  
Thy fortress and thy ease.  
Leave then thy foolish ranges ;  
For none can thee secure,  
But One, who never changes,  
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

*Henry Vaughan*



*ENTERED.*



DEAD but a moment ! and my daughter's kiss  
Yet living on my cheek !  
Dead but a moment ! and the heavens of bliss  
Upon my vision break.

Dead but a moment ! and the saintly walls  
Agleam with jewelled gates ;  
The tone of music as from inner halls—  
Yon face which foremost waits !

Smiling as when at death we stood to part  
In the far-faded past ;  
Dear one ! how changed thou art, how new thou art  
Since I beheld thee last !

I saw thee then : thou hadst thy shroud about thee ;  
Adieu to me and breath.  
And afterwards came the desolate years without thee  
And, last, my own poor death.

And now it seems as yesterday the whole,  
The bliss, the pang, the tears ;  
And I have touched thee once again where roll  
The shadows of no years.

How fresh thou art, dear one ! how strong and new !  
How pure and holy now !  
The incorruptible within, the dew  
Of youth upon thy brow !

And what a land is this ! what bowers ! what hills !  
And what a river floweth !  
What bands which follow Him through golden stills  
Whitherso'er He goeth !

Lead me to Him the first, whose love and grace  
Made that rude earth seem sweet ;  
Lead me to Him, that I may see His face,  
That I may kiss His feet.

*Rev. Wade Robinson.*



*THE BLESSEDNESS OF SAINTS IN HEAVEN.*



HAPPY the company that's gone  
From cross to crown, from thrall to throne !  
How loud they sing upon the shore  
To which they sailed in heart before !

"Blest are the dead, yea, saith the Word,  
That die in Christ, the living Lord :"  
And on the other side of death  
Thus joyful spend their passing breath :—

"Death from all death has set us free,  
And will our gain for ever be ;  
Death loosed the massy chains of woe,  
To let the mournful captives go.

"Death is to us a sweet repose ;  
The bud was oped to show the rose ;  
The cage was broke to let us fly,  
And build our happy nest on high

"Lo ! here we do triumphant reign,  
And joyful sing in lofty strain ;  
Lo ! here we rest and love to be,  
Enjoying more than faith could see.

“ Our Lord is ours and we are His ;  
Yea, now we see Him as He is ;  
And hence we ‘ like unto Him ’ are,  
And full His glorious image share.

“ No darkness now, no dismal night,  
No vapour intercepts the light ;  
We see for ever face to face,  
The highest Prince in highest place.

“ This, this does heaven enough afford,  
We are ‘ for ever with the Lord ! ’  
We want no more, for all is given ;  
His presence is the heart of heaven ! ”

While thus I laid my listening ear  
Close to the door of heaven to hear,  
And then the sacred page did view,  
Which told me all I heard was true ;

Yet showed me that the heavenly song  
Surpasses every mortal tongue,  
With such unutterable strains  
As none in fettering flesh attains ;

Then said I, “ Oh ! to mount away  
And leave this clog of heavy clay !  
Let wings of Time more hasty fly,  
That I may join the songs on high ! ”

*Ralph Erskine*

## THE GOLDEN CITY.

*"And the city was pure gold."*—REV. xxi. 18.



HERE is a Golden City  
Beyond the bridgeless river ;  
And all the blest who find its rest  
Shall rest in joy for ever.  
Its walls are all salvation,  
Its gates are high evangels ;  
Come to the Golden City,  
And share the bliss of angels.

Within the Golden City  
Our white-robed friends are walking ;  
All happy hearts are meeting there,  
All of the old ways talking ;  
And God hath hushed their weeping,  
Beyond all human pity ;  
And parting hearts are greeting,  
Within the Golden City.

On earth all things deceive us,  
All lovely things are dying :  
Love only comes to leave us,  
Our singing turns to sighing.



Poor frail and fainting mortals,  
We seek each others' pity ;  
We long to see the portals  
Of our own Golden City.

And so each shape of beauty  
But warns us not to love it,  
Because it veils the something  
More beautiful above it.  
On earth in tears we wander,  
And all our best loves grieve us ;  
In the Golden City yonder,  
They'll love us and not leave us.

Come to the Golden City ;  
O friends ! I must be going ;  
I hear my Lord's own voice—I hear  
The sounds of music flowing.  
World, Flesh, and Devil, let me pass :  
What care I for your pity ?  
I'm going o'er the Sea of Glass,  
On to the Golden City !

*E. Paxton Hood.*



*"OUR CONVERSATION IS IN HEAVEN."*



Some who hears that some long-parted friend  
Hath among strangers died, and left to him  
Some far-away estate, doth often send  
His curious fancy and surmises dim  
To that faint distant land of alien speech,  
Wondering how broad his acres there may be ;  
Doth sail at length, and that rich island reach,  
To find its wide-armed ports and flowery lea,  
Its city keys its champaign, and its towers,  
All—all are his, and he is hailed a king !  
Thus, O my soul ! in thy most heavenward hours,  
Musing on heaven, thy best imagining  
Is mean and cold to what thou soon shalt see,  
When Christ from thence shall say—"Now rest thou  
here with me !"

As frozen men, within the Arctic snows,  
Mimic with roofing on their ice-locked deck  
An English house-top, and among the floes'  
Forlornly prisoned house—a sable speck  
'Mid bare and boundless whiteness ;—as they muse  
On English Christmas and the hearths of home,  
On all the meeting, mirth, and love they lose ;  
As, in the skies, they watch the fiery foam

On the wild northern lights, and think how cold  
Their far-flung splendours to the joyous light  
Of that long-sunken sun they loved of old ;—  
So to our yearning through life's wintry night  
Seems earth's delight,—so wan, so soon it flies,  
Beside the home and sunshine of the skies.

*Alfred Vaughan.*



### *KNOWLEDGE IN HEAVEN.*

**H**ALL we, when death has closed this life's career,  
Know those in heaven we loved and honoured  
here ?

And again the friends who went before,  
Jordan's swelling stream, to Canaan's shore ?  
Journeys ended, all our sorrows o'er,  
We, reviewing, wonder and adore ?  
How affliction, like a silver cord,  
Brings back our wandering spirits to the Lord,  
And led the mercies of a Saviour-King  
Whose faith was drooping on a folded wing ?  
And some message from the eternal throne,  
And to hush the sigh, prevent the groan ?  
Ever o'er the dwelling of the just,  
To cheer some spirit while it dwells in dust,  
To comfort to some worn and aching heart,  
To act at once a friend's and angel's part ?  
To some weary and afflicted breast  
Ever, " O mourner ! this is not your rest ? "

And streams of pleasure from God's fountains flow,  
Whose bliss is hidden—we must die to know ;  
And faith, with prophet's eye, beholds afar,  
And the grave, the bright and Morning Star

With steady rays dispel the cheerless gloom,  
And shed a glory o'er the awful tomb.  
Now through a glass we darkly see the shore  
Where Death is dead and Sin can tempt no more,  
And, scorning earth's delights, desire to dwell  
With holy souls in light ineffable.  
And we shall meet, beneath that cloudless sky,  
With those whose names on earth can never die.  
What bliss to roam those heavenly fields among,  
And hear of Abraham's faith from Abraham's tongue  
Converse with him whose voice delayed the sun,  
Learn wisdom from the lips of Solomon,  
Mark rapt Isaiah's look of holy fire,  
Or list to melodies from David's lyre,  
And him of Patmos view, to whom 'twas given  
On earth to lift the veils of hell and heaven !  
Him shall we meet who here was poor and blind,  
Yet sovereign of the vast domain of mind,  
Illustrious Milton ! or with Bunyan quaint  
Trace the long journey of some humble saint.

In heaven all feeling, genius, unrepressed,  
Shall thrill, exalt, or animate the breast ;  
Then shall some wondrous lyre, which here below  
Gave scarce a note, except a note of woe,  
No more by sorrow warped, by envy jarred,  
Breathe all the lofty spirit of the bard ;  
Then, in the presence of the Great Adored,  
Again the spouse shall meet the spouse deplored ;

---

Sister and brother form the ring again,  
And parted lovers bind the broken chain ;  
Fathers amid their gathered children rest,  
And tender mothers bless them, and be blest.

*W. C. Dir.*



### MEETING IN HEAVEN.



OVER the river they beckon to me—  
Loved ones who've crossed to the farther side;  
The gleam of their snowy robes I see,  
But their voices are drowned in the rushing tide.  
There's one with ringlets of sunny gold,  
And eyes the reflection of heaven's own blue;  
He crossed in the twilight grey and cold,  
And the pale mist hid him from mortal view;  
We saw not the angels who met him there;  
The gates of the city we could not see:  
Over the river, over the river,  
My brother stands waiting to welcome me!

Over the river the boatman pale  
Carried another—the household pet;  
Her brown curls waved in the gentle gale—  
Darling Minnie! I see her yet.  
She crossed on her bosom her dimpled hands,  
And fearlessly entered the phantom bark;  
We watched it glide from the silver sands,  
And all our sunshine grew strangely dark.  
We know she is safe on the farther side,  
Where all the ransomed and angels be:  
Over the river, the mystic river,  
My childhood's idol is waiting for me.

For none return from those quiet shores  
Who cross with the boatman cold and pale ;  
We hear the dip of the golden oars,  
And catch a gleam of the snowy sail—  
And lo ! they have passed from our yearning heart,  
They cross the stream, and are gone for aye ;  
We may not sunder the veil apart  
That hides from our vision the gates of day.  
We only know that our barks no more  
May sail with us o'er life's stormy sea ;  
Yet somewhere, I know, on the unseen shore,  
They watch, and beckon, and wait for me.

And I sit and think, when the sunset's gold  
Is flushing river, and hill, and shore,  
I shall one day stand by the water cold,  
And list for the sound of the boatman's oar ;  
I shall watch for a gleam of the flapping sail,  
I shall hear the boat as it gains the strand :  
I shall pass from sight, with the boatman pale,  
To the better shore of the spirit land.  
I shall know the loved who have gone before,  
And joyfully sweet will the meeting be,  
When over the river, the peaceful river,  
The Angel of Death shall carry me.

*Nancy A. W. Priest.*





## *RESURRECTION AND IMMORTALITY.*

### BODY.



FT have I seen—when that renewing breath  
That binds and loosens death  
Inspired a quick'ning power through the dead  
Creatures abed—  
Some drowsy silkworm creep  
From that long sleep,  
And, in weak infant hummings, chime and knell  
About her silent cell ;  
Until at last, full with the vital ray,  
She winged away ;  
And, proud with life and sense,  
Heaven's rich expanse  
Esteemed (vain thing !), of two whole elements,  
As mean and span-extents.  
Shall I then think such Providence will be  
Less kind to me ?  
Or that He can endure to be unjust  
Who keeps His covenant even with our dust ?

### SOUL.

Poor querulous handful ! was't for this  
I taught thee all that is ?

Unbowelled Nature, showed thee her recruits,  
And change of suits ;  
And how of death we make  
A mere mistake ?  
For nothing can to nothing fall, but still  
Incorporates by skill,  
And then returns, and from the womb of things  
Such treasure brings  
As phoenix-like renew'th  
Both life and youth.  
For a persevering spirit doth still pass  
Untainted through this mass,  
Which doth resolve, produce, and ripen all  
That to it fall ;  
Nor are those births, which we  
Thus suffering see,  
Destroyed at all ; but when Time's restless wave  
Their substance doth deprave,  
And the more noble essence find his house  
Sickly and loose,  
He, ever young, doth wing  
Unto that spring  
And source of spirits, where he takes his lot  
Till time no more shall rot  
His passive cottage ; which (though laid aside),  
Like some spruce bride,  
Shall one day rise, and, clothed with shining light  
All pure and bright,  
Re-marry to the soul ; for 'tis most plain  
*Thou only fall'st to be refined again.*

Then I, that here saw darkly in a glass  
    But mists and shadows pass,  
And by their own weak shine did search the springs  
    And course of things,  
    Shall with enlightened rays  
    Pierce all their ways.  
And, as thou saw'st I in a thought could go  
    To heaven or earth below,  
To read some star or mineral—and in state  
    There often sate—  
    So shalt thou then with me  
    (Both winged and free)  
Rove in that mighty and eternal light  
    Where no rude shade or night  
Shall dare approach us : we shall no more  
    Watch stars, or pore  
    Through melancholy clouds, and say—  
    “ Would it were day ! ”  
One everlasting Sabbath there shall run,  
Without succession, and without a sun !

*Henry Vaughan.*



*THE DEATH OF A BELIEVER.*



HE Apostle slept,—a light shone in the prison,—  
An angel touched his side ;  
“ Arise !” he said, and quickly he hath risen,  
His fettered arms untied.

he watchers saw no light at midnight gleaming,—  
They heard no sound of feet ;  
he gates fly open, and the saint, still dreaming,  
Stands free upon the street.

o when the Christian’s eyelid droops and closes  
In Nature’s parting strife,  
friendly angel stands where he reposes  
To wake him up to life.

he gives a gentle blow, and so releases  
The spirit from its clay ;  
rom sin’s temptations, and from life’s distresses,  
He bids it come away.

rises up, and from its darksome mansion  
It takes its silent flight,  
nd feels its freedom in the large expansion  
Of heavenly air and light.

Behind, it hears Time's iron gates close faintly,—  
It is now far from them,  
For it has reached the city of the saintly,  
The New Jerusalem.

A voice is heard on earth of kinsfolk weeping  
The loss of one they love ;  
But he is gone where the redeemed are keeping  
A festival above.


The mourners throng the ways, and from the steeple  
The funeral-bell tolls slow ;  
But on the golden streets the holy people  
Are passing to and fro,

And saying as they meet, " Rejoice ! another  
Long-awaited-for is come ;  
The Saviour's heart is glad,—a younger brother  
Hath reached the Father's home ! "

*Rev. J. D. Burns.*



*TO DEATH.*

OME not in terrors clad to claim,  
An unresisting prey ;  
Come like an evening shadow, Death !  
So stealthily—so silently,  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath—  
Then willingly—oh ! willingly,  
With thee I'll go away.

What need to clutch with iron grasp  
What gentlest touch may take ?  
What need, with aspect dark, to scare  
So awfully—so terribly,  
The weary soul would hardly care,  
Called quietly—called tenderly,  
From thy dread power to break ?

'Tis not as when thou markest out  
The young, the blest, the gay,  
The loved, the loving—they who dream  
So happily—so hopefully ;  
Then harsh thy kindest call may seem,  
And shrinkingly—reluctantly,  
The summoned may obey.


But I have drank enough of life  
The cup assigned to me,  
Dashed with a little sweet at best,  
So scantily—so scantily,  
To know full well that all the rest  
More bitterly—more bitterly  
Drugged to the last will be.

And I may live to pain some heart  
That kindly cares for me—  
To pain, but not to bless. O Death !  
Come quietly—come lovingly,  
And shut mine eyes, and steal my breath ;  
Then willingly—oh ! willingly,  
With thee I'll go away.

*Mrs Southey.*



*THE INTERRUPTED FUNERAL.*

EAD, dead ! that arm which steered the  
skiff  
Through Galilee's white surf ;  
Lead, lead ! that foot which chased the deer  
O'er Tabor's bounding turf.

Beneath the rock the shepherd sings,  
The turtle's in the tree ;  
But neither song nor summer greets  
The silent land and thee.

March, march ! the pale procession swings,  
With measured tramp and tread ;  
Woe, woe ! yon gaping sepulchre  
Is calling for the dead.

And bitter is the wail that weeps  
The widow's only joy,  
And vows to lean her broken heart  
Beside her gallant boy.

Halt, halt ! a hand is on the bier,  
And life stirs in the shroud ;  
Rise, rise ! and view the Man Divine  
Who wakes thee 'midst the crowd.



And as the mother clasps her son  
In awe-struck ecstasy,  
Turn thou thine eyes to Him whose word  
Is immortality.

Home, home ! to make that mother glad,  
And recompense her tears ;  
Home, home ! to give that Saviour-God  
This second lease of years.

And when, amidst a greater crowd,  
Thou hear'st that voice again,  
May rising saints see Jesus in  
The widow's son of Nain.

*Dr James Hamilton.*



*THE NIGHT OF DEATH.*



NEVER watched upon a wilder night ;  
The maddened hurricane swept fiercely by,  
And shook its sounding wings ;—impatiently,  
As wrathful men in anguish, for its flight  
The tossing trees bowed down their heads of might :  
To the rude war of earth, and sea, and sky,  
I scarce could close at last my weary eye.  
Again I look, before the morning light,  
And all is changed ; in softest lullabies  
The breeze just whispers ; o'er the countless ranks  
Of heaven's great host the mildest moonlight lies,  
Like some broad stream fast sleeping in its banks.  
The deep calm spake of rest in Paradise :  
I thought upon my dead—and gave God thanks !

*S. Wilberforce.*



WHEN by a good man's grave I muse alone,  
Methinks an angel sits upon the stone,  
Like those of old, on that thrice-hallowed night,  
Who sat and watched in raiment heavenly bright ;  
And, with a voice inspiring joy, not fear,  
Says, pointing upwards—that he is not here,  
That he is *risen* !

*Samuel Rogers.*

*"A WHITE HORSE, AND HE THAT SAT  
UPON HIM."*



GOOD morning, little Madeline !  
How bright you look, and well !  
Ah ! your face shows me, darling mine,  
You have a tale to tell."

"Dear mother ! in my sleep last night,  
I had a dream so strange ;  
A man, upon a horse quite white,  
Came riding to the Grange.

Upon his head there was a crown,  
His face was beautiful ;  
But though there was no tear or frown,  
'Twas stern and sorrowful.

"And Lucy came in robe of white,  
With lilies in her hair ;  
And in her eyes was such a light !  
And oh ! she looked so fair !

"And soon he sat her by his side ;  
On me she looked so bright !  
Then looked to heaven, and they did ride  
Away into the night."

She ceased. The mother cried, “ My child ! ”

When Ralph ran in and said,

In sorrow and a terror wild,—

“ O mother ! Lucy’s dead ! ”

*W. T. Edwards.*



*A SONG IN THE "PLACE OF PEACE."\**



NEIGHBOUR, accept our parting song ;  
The road is short, the rest is long :  
The Lord brought here, the Lord takes  
hence,—

This is no house of permanence.

On bread of mirth, on bread of tears,  
The pilgrim fed these chequered years ;  
Now, landlord world, shut to the door,  
Thy guest is gone for evermore.

Gone to a realm of sweet repose,  
His comrades bless him as he goes :  
Of toil and moil the day was full,  
A good sleep now, the night is cool.

Ye village bells, ring, softly ring,  
And in the blessed Sabbath bring,  
Which from this weary workday tryst  
Awaits God's folk through Jesus Christ.

\* Dr Hamilton says that "once in the Black Forest we accompanied to the 'place of peace' an old man's funeral, and there still dwells in our ear the quaint and kindly melody which the parishioners sang along the road ; and we have sometimes wished that we could hear the like in our own land, with its sombre and silent *obsequies*."

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And open wide, thou gate of peace,  
And let this other journey cease,  
Nor grudge a narrow couch, dear neighbours,  
For slumbers won by lifelong labours.

Beneath these sods how close ye lie !  
But many a mansion 's in yon sky :  
Ev'n now, beneath the sapphire throne,  
Is this prepared through God's dear Son.

"I quickly come," that Saviour cries ;  
"Yea, quickly come," their churchyard sighs :  
"Come, Jesus, come ; we wait for Thee,—  
Thine now and ever let us be."

*Translated by Dr James Hamilton.*



## THE QUAKER WIDOW.



HEE finds me in the garden, Hannah,—come  
in ! 'Tis kind of thee

To wait until the Friends were gone, who came  
to comfort me.

The still and quite company a peace may give indeed,  
But blessed is the single heart that comes to us at need.

Come, sit thee down ! Here is the bench where Benjamin  
would sit

On First-day afternoons in spring, and watch the swallows  
flit :

He loved to smell the sprouting box, and hear the pleasant  
bees

Go humming round the lilacs and through the apple-trees.

I think he loved the spring ; not that he cared for flowers:  
most men

Think such things foolishness,—but we were first ac-  
quainted then,

One spring : the next he spoke his mind ; the third I was  
his wife,

And in the spring (it happened so) our children entered  
*life.*

as but seventy-five : I did not think to lay him yet  
in the graveyard, where at Monthly Meeting first we  
met.

Father's mercy shows in this : 'tis better I should be  
led out to bear the heavy cross—alone in age—than hé.

've lived together fifty years : it seems but one long  
day,  
a quiet Sabbath of the heart, till he was called away ;  
and as we bring from Meeting-time a sweet contentment  
home,  
O, Hannah, I have store of peace for all the days to come.

mind (for I can tell thee now) how hard it was to know  
if I had heard the spirit right, that told me I should go ;  
for father had a deep concern upon his mind that day,  
But mother spoke for Benjamin,—she knew what best to  
say.

Then she was still : they sat a while ; at last he spoke  
again,

“ The Lord incline thee to the right ! ” and “ Thou shalt  
have him, Jane ! ”

My father said. I cried. Indeed, 'twas not the least of  
shocks,

For Benjamin was Hicksite, and father Orthodox.

I thought of this ten years ago, when daughter Ruth we  
lost :

Her husband 's of the world, and yet I could not see her  
crossed.



She wears, thee knows, the gayest gowns ; she hears  
hireling priest—

Ah, dear ! the cross was ours : her life's a happy one, a  
least.

Perhaps she 'll wear a plainer dress when she's as old as I,—  
Would thee believe it, Hannah ? once *I* felt temptation  
nigh !

My wedding-gown was ashen silk, too simple for my taste :  
I wanted lace around the neck, and a ribbon at the waist.

How strange it seemed to sit with him upon the woman's  
side !

I did not dare to lift my eyes : I felt more fear than pride,  
Till, " In the presence of the Lord," he said, and then  
there came

A holy strength upon my heart, and I could say the same.

I used to blush when he came near, but then I showed no  
sign ;

With all the meeting looking on, I held his hand in mine.  
It seemed my bashfulness was gone, now I was his for life :  
Thee knows the feeling, Hannah,—thee too hast been a  
wife.

As home we rode, I saw no fields look half so green as  
ours ;

The woods were coming into leaf, the meadows full of  
flowers ;

ne neighbours met us in the lane, and every face was  
kind—

is strange how lively everything comes back upon my  
mind !

see, as plain as thee sits there, the wedding-dinner  
spread :

t our own table we were guests, with father at the head ;  
nd Dinah Passmore helped us both,—'twas she stood up  
with me,

nd Abner Jones with Benjamin,—and now they 're gone,  
all three !

; is not right to wish for death ; the Lord disposes  
best.

his Spirit comes to quiet hearts, and fits them for His  
rest ;

nd that He halved our little flock was merciful, I see :  
or Benjamin has two in heaven, and two are left with me.

usebius never cared to farm,—'twas not his call, in truth,  
nd I must rent the dear old place, and go to daughter  
Ruth.

see'll say her ways are not like mine,—young people  
nowadays

ave fallen sadly off, I think, from all the good old ways.

it Ruth is still a Friend at heart ; she keeps the single  
tongue,

ie cheerful, kindly nature we loved when she was young ;

And 't was brought upon my mind, remembering h  
late,  
That we on dress and outward things perhaps lay too  
weight.

I once heard Jessie Kersey say, a spirit clothed with  
And pure, almost, as angels are, may have a homely  
And dress may be of less account: the Lord will  
within :  
The soul it is that testifies of righteousness or sin.

Thee mustn't be too hard on Ruth: she 's anxious I s  
go ;  
And she will do her duty as a daughter should, I kn  
'Tis hard to change so late in life, but we must be resi  
The Lord looks down contentedly upon a willing mi  
*Bayard Taylor*



*THE MINISTRY OF ANGELS.*




RAIL is the barrier that divides  
The yearning spirit from its kind ;  
And thin the veil that barely hides  
The circumambient world of mind.  
Oh ! say not that the dead are lost  
To those who still their memory keep—  
Commingled with a stranger host,  
Or spell-bound in unconscious sleep !  
Deem rather, when around the evening hearth  
A warmer sense of social bliss is shed,  
That angels share and sanctify our mirth ;  
And recognise the presence of the dead.  
And when, in social or domestic prayer,  
The household group their hearts and voices raise,  
Believe that viewless worshippers are there,  
Fanning the genial flame of prayer and praise.  
The Church believes ! with filial love she calls  
Apostles, prophets, martyrs to her side ;  
For well she knows they love the sacred walls  
In which they laboured, and for which they died.  
Joy to the angels !—joy o'er all to these,  
Who erst in human forms the temple trod,  
When, softened by the gospel's words of peace,  
A sinner weeps,—a soul is born to God !

*Rev. T. G. Hankinson.*

## COMING.

*"What I say unto you I say unto all, Watch."*—MARK xiii. 37.

*"At even, or at midnight, or at the cock-crowing, or in the morning."*

 I may be in the evening,  
When the work of the day is done,  
And you have time to sit in the twilight  
And watch the sinking sun,  
While the long bright day dies slowly  
Over the sea,  
And the hour grows quiet and holy  
With thoughts of Me,  
While you hear the village children  
Passing along the street,  
Among those thronging footsteps  
May come the sound of My feet :  
Therefore I tell you, Watch !  
By the light of the evening star,  
When the room is growing dusky  
As the clouds afar ;  
Let the door be on the latch  
In your home,

---

For it may be through the gloaming  
I will come.

“It may be when the midnight  
Is heavy upon the land,  
And the black waves lying dumbly  
Along the sand ;  
When the moonless night draws close,  
And the lights are out in the house ;  
When the fires burn low and red,  
And the watch is ticking loudly  
Beside the bed :  
Though you sleep, tired out, on your couch,  
Still your heart must wake and watch  
In the dark room,  
For it may be that at midnight  
I will come.

“It may be at the cock-crow,  
When the night is dying slowly  
In the sky,  
And the sea looks calm and holy,  
Waiting for the dawn of the golden sun  
Which draweth nigh ;  
When the mists are on the valleys, shading  
The rivers chill,  
And My morning star is fading, fading  
Over the hill :

Behold, I say unto you, Watch !  
Let the door be on the latch  
    In your home ;  
In the chill before the dawning,  
Between the night and morning  
    I may come.

“ It may be in the morning,  
When the sun is bright and strong,  
And the dew is glittering sharply  
    Over the little lawn ;  
When the waves are laughing loudly  
    Along the shore,  
And the little birds are singing sweetly  
    About the door.  
With the long day's work before you,  
    You rise up with the sun,  
And the neighbours come in to talk a little  
    Of all that must be done ;  
But remember that I may be the next  
    To come in at the door,  
To call you from all your busy work  
    For evermore :  
As you work, your heart must watch ;  
For the door is on the latch  
    In your room,  
And it may be in the morning  
    I will come.”

So He passed down my cottage garden,  
By the path that leads to the sea,  
Till He came to the turn of the little road,  
Where the birch and laburnum tree  
Lean over and arch the way ;  
There I saw Him a moment stay,  
And turn once more to me,  
As I wept at the cottage door,  
And lift up His hands in blessing—  
Then I saw His face no more.  
And I stood still in the doorway,  
Leaning against the wall,  
Not heeding the fair white roses,  
Though I crushed them, and let them fall ;  
Only looking down the pathway,  
And looking towards the sea,  
And wondering, and wondering  
When He would come back for me,  
Till I was aware of an Angel  
Who was going swiftly by,  
With the gladness of one who goeth  
In the light of God Most High.  
He passed the end of the cottage  
Towards the garden gate,—  
I suppose he was come down  
At the setting of the sun,  
To comfort some one in the village  
Whose dwelling was desolate,  
And he passed before the door



Beside my place,  
And the likeness of a smile  
Was on his face.  
“Weep not,” he said, “for unto you is given  
To watch for the coming of His feet,  
Who is the glory of our blessed Heaven ;  
The work and watching will be very sweet  
Even in an earthly home,  
And in such an hour as ye think not  
He will come.”

So I am watching quietly  
Every day ;  
Whenever the sun shines brightly  
I rise and say,—  
“Surely it is the shining of His face !”  
And look unto the gates of His high place,  
Beyond the sea,  
For I know He is coming shortly  
To summon me.  
And when a shadow falls across the window  
Of my room,  
Where I am working my appointed task,  
I lift my head to watch the door, and ask  
If He is come ;  
And the Angel answers sweetly,  
In my home,—  
“Only a few more shadows,  
And He will come.”

*B. M.*

*E CHRISTIAN SOLDIER PUTTING OFF HIS  
ARMOUR AT THE GATES OF HADES: A  
SONG OF THE NIGHT DURING SICKNESS.*



HELMET of the hope of rest !  
Helmet of salvation !  
Nobly has thy towering crest  
Pointed to this exaltation.

Yet I will not thee resume,  
Helmet of the nodding plume ;  
Where I go no foeman fighteth,  
Sword or other weapon smiteth ;  
All content I lay thee down,  
I shall gird my brows with an immortal crown.

Sword at my side ! sword of the Spirit !

Word of God ! thou goodly blade !  
Often have I tried thy merit ;  
Never hast thou me betrayed.

Yet I will no further use thee,  
Here for ever I unloose thee ;  
Branch of peaceful palm shall be  
Sword sufficient now for me ;  
"Fought the fight, the victory won,"  
Rest thou here, thy work is done.

Shield of faith ! my trembling heart  
Well thy battered front has guarded ;  
Many a fierce and fiery dart  
From my bosom thou hast warded.  
But I shall no longer need thee,  
Never more will hold or heed thee,  
Fare thee well ! the foe's defeated,  
Of his wished-for victim cheated ;  
In the realms of peace and light  
Faith shall be exchanged for sight.

Girdle of the truth of God !  
Breastplate of His righteousness !  
By the Lord himself bestowed  
On His faithful witnesses !  
Never have I dared unclasp thee,  
Lest the subtle foe should grasp me ;  
Now I may at length unbind ye,  
Leave you here at rest behind me ;  
Nought shall harm my soul equipped  
In a robe in Christ's blood dipped.

Sandals of the preparation  
Of the news of peace !  
There must now be separation,  
Here your uses cease.  
Gladly shall my naked feet  
Go my blessed Lord to meet ;  
I shall wander at His side,  
Where the living waters glide,

---

And these feet shall need no guard  
On the unbroken heavenly sward.

Here I stand of all unclothèd,  
Waiting to be clothed upon  
By the Church's great Betrothèd,  
By the Everlasting One.  
Hark ! He turns the admitting key,  
Smiles in love and welcomes me :  
Glorious forms of angels bright  
Clothe me in the raiment white,  
Whilst their sweet-toned voices say,  
" For the rest, wait thou till the judgment-  
day."

*George Wilson.*



*THE CONFESSION AND THE RAPTURE.*



LORD, I was blind, I could not see  
In Thy marred visage any grace ;  
But now the beauty of Thy face  
In radiant vision dawns on me.

Lord, I was deaf, I could not hear  
The thrilling music of Thy voice ;  
But now I hear Thee and rejoice,  
And all Thine uttered words are dear.

Lord, I was dumb, I could not speak  
The grace and glory of Thy name ;  
But now, as touched with living flame,  
My lips Thine eager praises wake.

Lord, I was dead, I could not stir  
My lifeless soul to come to Thee ;  
But now, since Thou hast quickened me,  
I rise from sin's dark sepulchre.

For Thou hast made the blind to see,  
The deaf to hear, the dumb to speak,  
The dead to live,—and lo ! I break  
The chains of my captivity.

*W. T. Matson.*

*A PRAYER.*



ORD God ! I beg nor friends nor wealth,  
But pray against them both ;  
Three things I'd have—my soul's chief  
health,

And one of these seems loth :  
A living faith, a heart of flesh,  
The world an enemy ;  
This last will keep the first two fresh,  
And bring me where I'd be.

*Henry Vaughan.*



*EVENING PRAYER.*



HE stars shine bright while earth is dark,  
While all the woods are dumb ;  
How clear those far-off silver chimes  
From tower and turret come !

Chilly, but sweet, the midnight air ;  
And lo ! with every sound,  
Down from the ivy-leaf a drop  
Falls glittering to the ground.

'Twas night when Christ was born on earth,  
Night heard His faint, first cry ;  
While angels carolled round the star  
Of the Epiphany.

Alas ! and is our love too weak  
To meet Him on His way ?  
To pray for nations in their sleep ?  
For Love, then, let us pray.

Pray for the millions slumbering now :  
The sick, who cannot sleep :  
Oh ! may those sweet sounds waft them thoughts  
As peaceful and as deep !

Pray for the idle and the vain :  
Oh ! may that pure-toned bell  
Disperse the demon powers of air,  
And evil dreams dispel !

Pray for the aged and the poor ;  
The crown-encompassed head ;  
The friends of youth, now far away ;  
The dying, and the dead.

And ever let us wing our prayer  
With praise : and ever say,  
Glory to God, who makes the night  
Benignant as the day !

*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*





## *P R A Y E R.*



RRESTED suns and tranquillised seas declare  
To heaven and earth the omnipotence of prayer ;  
That gives the hopeless hope, the feeble might,  
Outruns the swift, and puts the strong to flight,  
The noontide arrow foils, and plague that stalks by night.


Unmatched in power, unbounded in extent,  
As omnipresent as omnipotent ;  
To no meridian nor clime confined,  
Man with his fellow-man, and mind to mind,  
'Tis hers, in links of love and charity to bind.

Then let those lips that never prayed, begin :  
We must or cease to pray, or cease to sin ;  
Each earth-born want and wish, a grovelling brood,  
Are oft mistaken or misunderstood ;  
But who could dare to pray for aught that is not good ?

Not that our prayers make Heaven more prompt to give,  
But they make us more worthy to receive.  
There is in that celestial treasury  
Wealth inexhaustible, admission free ;  
But he that never prays, rejects the golden key.

*Colton.*

*FOR DIVINE ILLUMINATION.*


 THOU whose power o'er moving worlds presides,  
Whose voice created and whose wisdom guides!  
On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,  
cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

Thine alone to calm the pious breast  
In silent confidence and holy rest :  
In Thee, great God, we spring—to Thee we tend,  
Thy motive, guide, original, and end.

*Dr Johnson.*



OFFERING.

“AVIOUR! is there anything  
I have failed to bring?  
Lies my offering at Thy feet  
Incomplete?  
Lord, bethink Thee, I am poor;  
Slender is my store;  
Yea, my best is nothing worth  
Even on earth—  
Even to men. Oh! then, how small  
To the Lord of all,  
Who, creating worlds anew,  
As the dew,  
Sweeps them lightly from their place  
In the fields of space;  
Counts the universe as naught  
But a thought!  
Yet, since Thou hast deigned to ask,  
Oh! how sweet the task  
(Though the gift is poor) to bring  
Everything!  
Everything? Alas! this fear!  
I may yet appear  
Holding some dear bauble fast  
At the last.

Saviour ! is there anything  
I have failed to bring ?  
Lies my offering incomplete  
At Thy feet ? ”

Answered He, “ If thou hast brought,  
Clothing every thought,  
Love to God and love to man,  
As men can ;  
Charity for all who stray  
From the narrow way ;  
Eager hands to draw them back  
And point the track ;  
Gifts according to thy store  
For the needy poor ;  
In My suffering ones dost see  
Even Me ;  
If thy tears are swift to flow  
For thy brother's woe ;  
Having strength, if thou dost seek  
To raise the weak ;  
If thou dost My mercy show  
Even to thy foe ;  
Grant the pardon proffered thee  
Full and free ;  
Yea, if thou thy will hast brought,  
Crossing Mine in naught ;  
Faith that shall outlast thy breath,  
Strong in death ;

Matters not thy world's estate,  
Be it small or great :  
*This* thy offering,—thou dost bring  
*Everything !*”

“Nay, my Lord, my Lord !” I cried ;  
“ I am sorely tried :  
Nothing, nothing have I brought  
That I ought !  
Cold my love to Thee, Most High ;  
Cold my charity ;  
Idle hands and heart of stone  
Are my own ;  
Mine an unsubduèd will ;  
Faith that gropeth still :  
Yet, O God my Righteousness !  
Bless, oh, bless !  
This at least to Thee I bring—  
Meek petitioning,  
Humble penitence and pain ;  
Is it vain ?  
Strong desire to serve Thee more  
Than I have before,  
And in Thy suffering ones to see  
Even Thee !  
Now, indeed, my tears do flow  
For all others' woe ;  
Tasting grief that dost surpass  
All, alas !

Hear me, Lord of earth and sky !  
At Thy feet I lie ;  
My confessions all I bring—  
Everything !  
Pitying Lord ! wilt Thou despise  
This my sacrifice ?  
Tell me, Saviour, do I bring  
*Anything ? ”*


Answered He, “ At last, at last,  
Is thy pride o’erpast ?  
Little is thy best, indeed ;  
Great thy need.  
Yet, beloved of My heart,  
I for thee did smart ;  
On the cross, in thy dear stead,  
Bowed My head ;  
Through Death’s sharpest, sorest throes  
I triumphant rose,  
Even that thou mightest be  
Raised with Me.  
Is My love for thee grown less,  
That I should not bless,  
Or the lowliest sacrifice  
Should despise ?  
Nay, but I am satisfied,  
Having all beside,  
Since that erring heart of thine,  
On My shrine,

Broken, contrite, suppliant lies—  
Sweetest sacrifice!  
In that offering thou dost bring  
EVERYTHING !”

*Harriet McEwen Kimball.*



MARTHA AND MARY.

“ SISTER ! leave you thus undone  
The bidding of the Lord ?  
Or call you this a welcome ?—Run,  
And deck with me the board.”

Thus Martha spake : but spake to one  
Who answered not a word ;  
For she kept ever singing,  
“ There is no joy so sweet  
As musing upon Him we love,  
And sitting at His feet ! ”

“ O Sister ! must my hands alone  
His board and bath prepare ?  
His eyes are on you ! raise your own :  
He'll find a welcome there ! ”

Thus spake again, in loftier tone,  
That Hebrew woman fair ;  
But Mary still kept singing,  
“ There is no joy so sweet  
As musing upon Him we love,  
And resting at His feet ! ”

*Sir Aubrey de Vere.*





*THE QUIP.*



HE merry World did on a day  
With his train bands and mates agree  
To meet together where I lay,  
And all in sport to jeer at me.

First, Beauty crept into a rose ;  
Which, when I plucked not, "Sir," said she,  
"Tell me, I pray, whose hands are those ?"  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then Money came, and chinking still,  
"What tune is this, poor man ?" said he :  
"I heard in music you had skill ;"  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came brave Glory puffing by,  
In silks that whistled, who but he !  
He scarce allowed me half an eye ;  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Then came quick Wit and Conversation,  
And he would needs a comfort be,  
And, to be short, make an oration ;  
But thou shalt answer, Lord, for me.

Yet when the hour of Thy design  
To answer these fine things shall come,  
Speak not at large,—say, “I am thine !”  
And then they have their answer home.

*George Herbert.*



## ADVENT.



HIS Advent moon shines cold and clear, these  
Advent nights are long ;  
Our lamps have burned year after year, and  
still their flame is strong.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” we cry, heart-sick with  
hope deferred :

“ No speaking signs are in the sky,” is still the watchman’s  
word.

The porter watches at the gate, the servants watch within ;  
The watch is long betimes and late, the prize is slow to  
win.

“ Watchman, what of the night ? ” but still his answer  
sounds the same :

“ No daybreak tops the utmost hill, nor pale our lamps of  
flame.”

One to another hear them speak, the patient virgins wise :  
“ Surely He is not far to seek ! All night we watch and  
rise.

The days are evil looking back, the coming days are dim ;  
Yet count we not His promise slack, but watch and wait  
for Him.”

One with another, soul with soul, they kindle fire from fire :  
“ Friends watch us who have touched the goal ; they urge  
us, ‘ Come up higher !’

With them shall rest our waysore feet, with them is built  
our home,

With Christ,—they sweet, but He most sweet, sweeter  
than honeycomb.

“ There no more parting, no more pain, the distant ones  
brought near,

The lost so long are found again, long lost but longer dear ;  
Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, nor heart conceived  
that rest,

With them our good things long deferred, with Jesus  
Christ our Best.

“ We weep because the night is long ; we laugh, for day  
shall rise ;

We sing a slow contented song, and knock at Paradise.

Weeping, we hold Him fast, who wept for us, we hold  
Him fast ;

And will not let Him go except He bless us first or last.

“ Weeping, we hold Him fast to-night ; we will not let Him  
go

Till daybreak smite our wearied sight and summer smite  
the snow :

Then figs shall bud, and dove with dove shall coo the live-  
long day ;

Then He shall say, ‘ Arise, my love, my fair one, come  
away !’ ”

*Miss Rossetti.*

## THE WHITE RAIMENT.



THE babe, the bride, the quiet dead,  
Clad in peculiar raiment all ;  
Yet each puts on the spotless white  
Of cradle, shroud, and bridal hall.

The babe, the bride, the shrouded dead,  
Each entering on an untried home,  
Wears the one badge, the one fair hue,  
Of birth, of wedding, and of tomb.

Of death and life, of mirth and grief,  
We take it as the symbol true ;  
It suits the smile, it suits the sigh,  
That raiment of the stainless hue.

Not the rich rainbow's varied bloom,  
That diapason of the light ;  
Not the soft sunset's silken glow,  
Or flush of gorgeous chrysolite ;

But purity of perfect light,  
Its native, undivided ray,  
All that is best of moon and sun,  
The purest of the dawn and day.

O cradle of our youngest age,  
Adorned with white, how fair art thou !  
O robe of infancy, how bright !  
Like moonlight on the moorland snow.

O bridal hall and bridal robe,  
How silver-bright your jewelled gleam !  
Like sunrise on the gentle face  
Of some translucent mountain stream.

O shroud of death, so soft and pure,  
Like starlight upon marble fair !  
Ah ! surely it is life, not death,  
That in still beauty sleepeth there.

Mine be a robe more spotless still,  
With lustre bright that cannot fade ;  
Purer and whiter than the robe  
Of babe, or bride, or quiet dead.

Mine be the raiment given of God,  
Wrought of fine linen clean and white,  
Fit for the eye of God to see,  
Meet for His home of holy light.

*Bonar.*



*HYMN TO THE TRINITY.*



HEY, O thrice holy Three in One !  
Who seek Thy nature to explain  
By means to human reason known,  
Shall find their labour spent in vain,  
And that they might contain as well  
The British Ocean in a shell.

More, therefore, than we may conceive,  
We will not curious be to know,  
But rather, when Thou bidd'st believe,  
Obey, and let vain reasoning go ;  
For far more sure Faith's objects be  
Than those which Reason's eyes do see.

Yet, as by looking on the sun,  
Though to his essence we are blind,  
And by the course we see him run,  
We may of him true notions find ;  
So what Thy brightness doth conceal,  
Thy Word and works in part reveal.

Most glorious Essence ! we confess  
In Thee, whom by Faith's eyes we view,  
Three Persons, neither more nor less,  
Whose workings them distinctly show ;

And sure we are those Persons Three  
One God, and but one Godhead be.

The sun a motion hath, we know,  
That motion shows to us his light ;  
The heat proceedeth from those two,  
Each works its proper work aright :  
The motion draws out time a line,  
The heat doth warm, the light doth shine.

But though this motion, light, and heat,  
Distinctly by themselves we take,  
Each in the other hath its seat,  
And but one sun these three do make ;  
For whatsoever the one will do,  
It worketh by the other two.

So in the Godhead there is knit  
A wondrous threefold true love-knot,  
And perfect union fastens it,  
Though flesh and blood conceive it not ;  
And what is by one Person done  
Is wrought by all the Three in One.

Their works They jointly do pursue,  
Though They their offices divide,  
And though, as things distinctly due,  
Some attributes may be applied ;  
For one in substance They are still,  
In virtue one, and one in will.



Eternal all these Persons be,  
And yet eternal there 's but One ;  
So likewise infinite all Three,  
Yet infinite but One alone,  
And neither anything doth miss  
Which of the Godhead's essence is.

In Unity and Trinity,  
Thus, O Creator ! we adore  
Thine ever-praisèd Deity ;  
And Thee confess for evermore,  
One Father, one-begotten Son,  
One Holy Ghost, in Godhead One.

*George Wither.*



THE DREAM OF THE THREE CROSSES.



LAY and dreamed. Three crosses  
stood

Amid the gloomy air.

Two bore two men—one was the good ;  
The third rose waiting bare.

A Roman soldier, coming by,  
Mistook me for the third ;  
I lifted up my asking eye  
For Jesus' sign or word.

I thought He signed that I should yield,  
And give the error way.  
I held my peace ; no word revealed,  
No gesture uttered *nay*.

Against the cross a scaffold stood,  
Whence easy hands could nail  
The doomed upon that altar wood,  
Whose fire burns slow and pale.

Upon this ledge he lifted me,  
I stood all thoughtful there,  
Waiting until the deadly tree  
My form for fruit should bear.

Rose up the waves of fear and doubt,  
Rose up from heart to brain ;  
They shut the world of vision out,  
And thus they cried amain :

“ Ah, me ! my hands—the hammer’s knock—  
The nails—the tearing strength ! ”  
My soul replied : “ ’Tis but a shock,  
That grows to pain at length. ”

“ Ah, me ! the awful fight with death—  
The hours to hang and die—  
The thirsting gasp for common breath,  
That passes heedless by ! ”

My soul replied : “ A faintness soon  
Will shroud thee in its fold ;  
The hours will go,—the fearful noon  
Rise, pass—and thou art cold.

“ And for thy suffering, what to thee  
Is that, or care of thine ?  
Thou living branch upon the tree  
Whose root is the divine !

“ ’Tis His to care that thou endure ;  
That pain shall grow or fade ;  
With bleeding hands hang on thy cure,  
He knows what He hath made. ”

And still, for all the inward wail,  
My foot was firmly pressed ;  
For still the fear lest I should fail  
Was stronger than the rest.

And thus I stood until the strife  
The bonds of slumber brake ;  
I felt as I had ruined life,  
Had fled and come awake.

Yet I was glad my heart confessed  
The trial went not on ;  
Glad likewise I had stood the test,  
As far as it had gone.

And yet I fear some recreant thought,  
Which now I all forget,  
That painful feeling in me wrought  
Of failure lingering yet.

And if the dream had had its scope,  
I might have fled the field ;  
But yet I thank Thee for the hope,  
And think I dared not yield.

*George Macdonald.*



*AN OLD CHURCH LEGEND.*



WHO looks for truth may oft behold  
A truth in mould of fiction cast,  
Witness this legend of the past,  
Some ancient chronicler hath told :—

One morn, absorbed in holy prayer,  
Within his cell a friar knelt,—  
Knelt long, for in his soul he felt  
As though the listening Lord were there.

Till, in an ecstasy, he raised  
His eyes, and sudden glory beamed  
Around the place, and, as it seemed,  
He on the living Saviour gazed

With wonder, words were vain to tell,  
And all his heart to rapture stirred.  
Spell-bound he gazed, until he heard  
The tinkling of the convent bell—

The bell that sounds his summons thence  
To duty at the convent gate,  
There on the suffering poor to wait,  
The daily bounty to dispense.

He started,—on that blessed view  
Yet one more ardent look he bent ;  
Then meekly rose, and duteous went,  
His morn's allotted work to do ;

Which done, with mingled hope and fear,  
He sought his cell,—O wonder ! still  
The glory doth the chamber fill,  
The radiant vision yet is there ;

And lo ! a voice the silence breaks,  
Those lips divine appear to move,  
And, breathing tenderness and love,  
The visioned Saviour sweetly speaks :—

“ Twice blest in faithful labour thou,  
In trial duteous found, and true !  
Hadst thou forborne thy task to do,  
I had not stayed to bless thee now.”

*Rev. W. T. Matson.*



Six days may rank divide the poor,  
O Dives ! from thy banquet-hall ;  
The seventh the Father opes the door,  
And holds His feast for all.

*Lord Lytton.*



*LORD, HERE AM I.*



TILL, as of old, Thy precious Word  
Is by the nations dimly heard ;  
The hearts its holiness hath stirred  
Are weak and few ;

Wise men the secret dare not tell ;  
Still in Thy temple slumbers well  
Good Eli : oh, like Samuel,  
Lord, here am I !

Few years, no wisdom, no renown,  
Only my life can I lay down ;  
Only my heart, Lord, to Thy throne  
I bring ; and pray  
A child of Thine I may go forth,  
And spread glad tidings through the earth,  
And teach sad hearts to know Thy worth !  
Lord, here am I !

Young lips may teach the wise, Christ said ;  
Weak feet sad wand'ers home have led ;  
Small hands have cheered the sick one's bed  
With freshest flowers :  
Oh, teach me, Father ! heed their sighs,  
While many a soul in darkness lies,  
And waits Thy message ; make me wise !  
Lord, here am I !



And make me strong, that, staff and stay,  
And guide and guardian of the way,  
To Thee-ward I may bear, each day,  
Some fainting soul.

Speak, for I hear ; make pure my heart,  
Thy face to see, Thy truth impart,  
In hut and hall, in church and mart !  
Lord, here am I !

I ask no heaven till earth be Thine,  
Nor glory crown, while work of mine  
Remaineth here : when earth shall shine  
Among the stars,  
Her sins wiped out, her captives free,  
Her voice a music unto Thee,  
For crown, new work give Thou to me !  
Lord, here am I !



## WAITING AND WATCHING FOR ME.

*(An old tradition says that those whom we have served on earth shall  
be the first to welcome us in heaven.)*



HERE are little ones glancing about on my path  
. In need of a friend and a guide ;  
There are dim little eyes looking up into mine,  
Whose tears could be easily dried.  
But Jesus may beckon the children away  
In the midst of their grief or their glee :  
Will any of these, at the Beautiful Gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me ?

There are old and forsaken, who linger awhile  
In the homes which their dearest have left,  
And an action of love, or a few gentle words,  
Might cheer the sad spirit bereft.  
But the reaper is near to the long-standing corn,  
The weary shall soon be set free :  
Will any of these, at the Beautiful Gate,  
Be waiting and watching for me ?

There are dear ones at home I may bless with my love ;  
There are wretched ones pacing the street ;

There are friendless and suffering strangers around ;  
 There are tempted and poor I must meet ;  
 There are many unthought of, whom, happy and blest,  
 In the land of the leal I shall see :  
 Will any of them, at the Beautiful Gate,  
 Be waiting and watching for me ?



## MINISTRY.

*"The Son of Man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."*



SINCE service is the highest lot,  
And all are in one body bound,  
In all the world the place is not  
Which may not with this bliss be crowned.

The sufferer on the bed of pain  
Need not be laid aside from this,  
But for each kindness gives again  
"The joy of doing kindnesses."

The poorest may enrich this feast ;  
Not one lives only to receive,  
But renders through the hands of Christ  
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child in trustful glee,  
With love and gladness brimming o'er,  
Many a cup of ministry  
May for the weary veteran pour.

The lonely glory of a throne  
May yet this lowly joy preserve ;  
Love may make that a stepping-stone,  
And raise "I reign" into "I serve."

This, by the ministries of prayer,  
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,—  
Can consecrate each petty care,  
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird  
Our hearts for special ministry ;  
That creature best has ministered  
Which is what it was meant to be.

Birds by being glad their Maker bless,  
By simply shining, sun and star ;  
And we, whose law is love, serve less  
By what we do than what we are.

Since service is the highest lot,  
And angels know no higher bliss,  
Then with what good her cup is fraught  
Who was created but for this !

*The Author of the "Schönberg Cotta Family."*



### THE HIDDEN ONES.



HID are the saints of God,  
Uncertified by high angelic sign ;  
Nor raiment soft, nor empire's golden rod.  
Marks them divine.

Theirs but the unbought air, earth's parent sod,  
And the sun's smile benign ;—  
Christ rears His throne within the secret heart,  
From the haughty world apart.

They gleam amid the night,  
Chill sluggish mists stifling the heavenly ray ;  
Fame chants the while,—old history trims his light,  
Aping the day ;  
In vain ! staid look, loud voice, and reason's might  
Forcing its learned way,  
Blind characters ! these aid us not to trace  
Christ and His princely race.

Yet not all hid from those  
Who watch to see ;—'neath their dull guise of earth,  
Bright bursting gleams unwittingly disclose  
Their heaven-wrought birth—  
Meekness, love, patience, faith's serene repose,  
And the soul's tutored mirth,  
Bidding the slow heart dance, to prove her power .  
O'er self in its proud hour.


These are the chosen few,  
The remnant first of largely scattered grace.  
God sows in waste, to reap whom He foreknew  
Of man's cold race ;  
Counting on wills perverse, in His clear view  
Of boundless time and space,  
He waits by scant return for treasures given  
To fill the thrones of heaven.

Lord ! who can trace but Thou  
The strife obscure 'twixt sin's soul-thralling spell  
And Thy sharp Spirit, now quenched, reviving now ?  
Or who can tell  
Why pardon's seal stands sure on David's brow,  
Why Saul and Demas fell ?  
Oh ! lest our frail hearts in the annealing break,  
Help, for Thy mercy's sake !

*Dr Newman.*



*ALL SAINTS.*

T was upon the morning of All Saints—  
A glorious autumn morn :—The crimson sun  
With rays aslant lit up a silver mist  
Which had crept on all night—as some great host—  
Through every lowland valley, but was now  
Melting in softest light, like childhood's dream.  
Above me the clear sky showed almost dark,  
Deep its blue beside the gorgeous east.  
No cloud had stained it yet, but here and there  
Snowy vapour, severed from the rest,  
Hung high above, as though the visible breath  
Of passing angels.—I had sat me down  
Upon a high hillside, to see day break,  
And think upon all saints. I know not now  
Whether I slept, but so it seemed to me,  
My tranced senses sank o'erpowered before  
The glorious presence of an holy one,  
Watcher from on high, who thus to me,  
Addressing my thoughts, spake graciously :—"Thou wouldst  
Hold this goodly army of all saints,  
And scan their noble bearing : watch awhile  
With eye intent, and I will pass before thee  
The sight for which thou cravest."



Fixed I sat  
With earnest gaze upon the glowing sky,  
Where, as I deemed, with all its glory wreathed,  
The pageant I should see of passing hosts  
Bright with celestial radiance.—Nought I saw ;  
Only with tottering steps before mine eyes  
A meek old man moved by, who feebly helped  
The utter weariness of aged feet  
With a poor staff ;—and then on that hillside  
A woman passed, belike a new-made widow,  
With her deep weeds—and on her sunken cheek  
Sat the pale hue of nights unrestful spent  
In heart-sick watching by some bed of pain ;  
Yet on her brow, which the sun's rays now lighted,  
Methought there dwelt a glow, brighter than his,  
Of peace and holy calm ;—and so he passed.  
Nor saw I more, save that a little child,  
Of brightest childlike gentleness, passed by,  
Lisping his morning song of infant praise  
With a half-inward melody, as though  
He were too happy for this creeping earth.  
—Yet I sat watching, till upon my ear  
Broke that same heavenly voice—“ What wouldst thou  
more ?  
Or why this empty gaze ? Already thou,  
In those that passed thee by, hast seen *ALL SAINTS.*”

*S. Wilberforce, late Bishop of Winchester.*



AMBROSE.

**N**EVER surely was holier man  
Than Ambrose since the world began ;  
With diet spare and raiment thin,  
He shielded himself from the father of sin ;  
With bed of iron and scourgings oft,  
His heart to God's hand as wax made soft.  
Through earnest prayer and watchings long  
He sought to know 'twixt right and wrong,  
Much wrestling with the blessed Word,  
To make it yield the sense of the Lord,  
That he might build a storm-proof creed  
To fold the flock in at their need.

At last he builded a perfect faith,  
Fenced round about with *The Lord thus saith* :  
To himself he fitted the doorway's size,  
Meted the light to the need of his eyes,  
And knew by a sure and inward sign  
That the work of his fingers was divine.

Then Ambrose said, " All those shall die  
The eternal death who believe not as I ;"  
And some were boiled, some burnt in fire,  
Some sawn in twain, that his heart's desire,  
For the good of men's souls, might be satisfied  
By the drawing of all to the righteous side.

One day, as Ambrose was seeking the truth  
In his lonely walk, he saw a youth  
Resting himself in the shade of a tree ;  
It had never been given him to see  
So shining a face, and the good man thought  
'Twere pity he should not believe as he ought.

So he sate himself by the young man's side,  
And the state of his soul with questions tried ;  
But the heart of the stranger is burdened indeed,  
Nor received the stamp of the one true creed,  
And the spirit of Ambrose was vexed to find  
Such face in front of so narrow a mind.

" As each beholds in cloud and fire  
The shape that fulfils his own desire,  
So each," said the youth, " in the law shall find  
The figure and features of his mind ;  
And to each in His mercy hath God allowed  
His several pillar of fire and cloud."

The soul of Ambrose burned with zeal  
And holy wrath for the young man's weal ;  
" Believest thou, then, most wretched youth,"  
Cried he, " a dividual essence in truth ?  
I fear me thy heart is too cramped with sin  
To take the Lord in His glory in."

Now there bubbled beside them, where they stood,  
A fountain of waters sweet and good ;

The youth to the streamlet's brink drew near,  
Saying, "Ambrose, thou maker of creeds, look here!"  
Six vases of crystal then he took,  
And set them along the edge of the brook.

"As in these vessels the water I pour,  
There shall one hold less, another more,  
And the water, unchanged in every case,  
Shall put on the figure of the vase ;  
O thou who wouldst unity make through strife,  
Canst thou fit this sign to the Water of Life ?"

When Ambrose looked up, he stood alone,  
The youth, and the stream, and the vases were gone ;  
But he knew by a sense of humbled grace  
He had talked with an angel face to face,  
And felt his heart change inwardly,  
As he fell on his knees beneath the tree.

*Lowell.*



*HEART OF CHRIST.*



HEART of Christ, O cup most golden,  
Brimming with salvation's wine !  
Million souls have been beholden

Unto thee for life divine ;  
Thou art full of blood the purest,  
Love the tenderest and surest :  
Blood is life, and life is love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
Out of thee the martyrs drank,  
Who for truth in cities olden  
Spake, nor from the torture shrank ;  
Saved they were from traitor's meanness,  
Filled with joys of holy keenness :  
Strong are those that drink of love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
To remotest place and time  
Thou for labours wilt embolden,  
Unpresuming but sublime :  
Hearts are firm, though nerves be shaken,  
When from thee new life is taken :  
Truth recruits itself by love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
Taking of thy cordial blest,  
Soon the sorrowful are folden  
In a gentle healthful rest :  
Thou anxieties art easing,  
Pains implacable appeasing :  
Grief is comforted by love ;  
Oh, what wine is there like love ?

Heart of Christ, O cup most golden !  
Liberty from thee we win ;  
We who drink no more are holden  
By the shameful cords of sin.  
Pledge of mercy's sure forgiving,  
Powers for a holy living,—  
These, thou cup of love, are thine ;  
Love, thou art the mightiest wine !  
*T. Lynch.*



## THE LONELY PROPHET.

*Archbishop Leighton.*



FRAIL, slight form—no temple he,  
Grand, for abode of Deity ;  
Rather a bush, inflamed with grace,  
And trembling in a desert place,  
And unconsumed with fire,  
Though burning higher and higher.

A frail, slight form, and pale with care,  
And paler from the raven hair  
That folded from a forehead free,  
Godlike of breadth and majesty—  
A brow of thought supreme,  
And mystic, glorious dream.

And over all that noble face  
Lay somewhat of soft pensiveness  
In a fine golden haze of thought,  
That seemed to waver light, and float  
This way and that way still  
With no firm bent of will.

God made him beautiful, to be  
Drawn to all beauty tenderly,

And conscious of all beauty, whether  
In things of earth or heaven or neither ;  
So to rude men he seemed  
Often as one that dreamed.

Beautiful spirit ! fallen, alas !  
On times when little beauty was ;  
Still seeking peace amid the strife,  
Still working, weary of thy life,  
Toiling in holy love,  
Panting for heaven above.

I mark thee, in an evil day,  
Alone upon a lonely way ;  
More sad, companionless thy fate,  
Thy heart more truly desolate,  
Than even the misty glen  
Of persecuted men.


For none so lone on earth as he  
Whose way of thought is high and free,  
Beyond the mist, beyond the cloud,  
Beyond the clamour of the crowd,  
Moving, where Jesus trod,  
In the lone walk with God.

*From Orwell.*





*CHRIST ABOVE ALL ORDINANCES.*

OR can I say but vesper hymn,  
And the old chant in chapel dim,  
Sound to me as an infant's voice,  
When faith is young, and doth rejoice,  
And goeth all day long  
Singing a quiet song.

But yet they wrong me much who say  
That I have erred, and gone astray  
From Christ, the Way, the Truth, the Life,  
Because I shrink from civil strife,  
And schoolmen's quirks, and faint  
Cobwebs of argument.

I love the Kirk, with ages hoar ;  
I love old ways, but Christ far more ;  
I love the fold, I love the flock,  
But more my Shepherd and my Rock,  
And the great Book of grace  
That mirrors His dear face.

Oh ! sweet the story and the psalm,  
And prophecy is healing balm ;

---

Like virgin-comb apostle's lips,  
Like fate the grand Apocalypse ;  
But sweet, above all other,  
Thou Saviour, Friend, and Brother !

*Orwell.*



*"I WAS IN THE SPIRIT ON THE LORD'S  
DAY."*



Alas ! why should a thought of a world that is  
flying  
Encumber the pleasure of seasons like these ?  
Or why should the Sabbath be sullied with sighing,  
While faith the bright side of eternity sees ?

Now let us repose from our care and our sorrow,  
Let all that is anxious and sad pass away ;  
The rough cares of life lay aside till to-morrow,  
But let us be tranquil and happy to-day.

Let us say to the world, should it tempt us to wander,  
As Abraham said to his men on the plain,  
" There 's the mountain of prayer, I am going up yonder,  
And tarry you here till I seek you again."

To-day on that mount we would seek for Thy blessing ;  
O Spirit of Holiness, meet with us there !  
Our hearts then will feel Thine high influence possessing  
The sweetness of praise and the fervour of prayer.

*James Edmeston.*

*"THE LETTER KILLETH, THE SPIRIT  
GIVETH LIFE."*



HUS in the faiths old heathendom that shook  
Were different powers of strife ;  
Mohammed's truth lay in a holy book,  
Christ's in a sacred life.

So, while the world rolls on from change to change,  
And realms of thought expand,  
The letter stands without expanse or range,  
Stiff as a dead man's hand ;

While, as the life-blood fills the growing form,  
The spirit Christ has shed  
Flows through the ripening ages fresh and warm,  
More felt than heard or read.

And therefore, though ancestral sympathies,  
And closest ties of race,  
May guard Mohammed's precept and decrees  
Through many a tract of space ;

Yet in the end the tight-drawn line must break,  
The sapless tree must fall ;  
Nor let the form one time did well to take  
Be tyrant over all.

The tide of things rolls forward, surge on surge,  
Bringing the blessed hour  
When in Himself the God of love shall merge  
The God of will and power.

*Lord Houghton.*



*THE VOICES OF THE CHURCH.*

I.



T is the fall of eve ;  
And the long tapers now we light,  
And watch : for we believe  
Our Lord may come at night.  
Adeste Fideles ! \*

II.

An hour—and it is SEVEN !  
And fast away the evening rolls.  
Oh ! it is dark in heaven,  
But light within our souls.  
Veni Creator Spiritus ! †

III.

Hark ! the old bell strikes EIGHT !  
And still we watch with heart and ear ;  
For, as the hour grows late,  
The Day-star may be near.  
Jubilate Deo ! ‡

\* Hither, ye faithful.

† Come, Holy Ghost.

‡ The Hundredth Psalm.

## IV.

Hark ! it is knelling NINE !  
 But faithful eyes grow never dim ;  
 And still our tapers shine,  
 And still ascends our hymn.  
 Cum Angelis ! \*

## V.

The watchman crieth TEN !  
 My soul, be watching for the Light ;  
 For when He comes again,  
 'Tis as the thief at night.  
 Nisi Dominus ! †

## VI.

By the old bell—ELEVEN !  
 Now trim thy lamp, and ready stand ;  
 The world to sleep is given,  
 But Jesus is at hand.  
 De profundis ! ‡

## VII.

At MIDNIGHT is a cry !  
 Is it the Bridegroom draweth near ?  
 Come quickly, LORD, for I  
 Have longed Thy voice to hear !  
 Kyrie Eleison ! §

\* With angels. † Unless the Lord keep the city.

‡ Out of the depths—Psalm cxxx.

§ Lord, have mercy upon us.

VIII.

Could ye not watch ONE hour ?  
Be ready ; or the bridal train  
And Bridegroom, with His dower,  
May sweep along in vain.  
Miserere mei ! \*

IX.

By the old steeple—Two !  
And now I know the day is near.  
Watch—for His word is true,  
And Jesus may appear.  
Dies Iræ ! †

X.

THREE—by the drowsy chime !  
And joy is nearer than at first.  
Oh ! let us watch the time  
When the first light shall burst !  
Sursum corda. ‡

XI.

FOUR—and a streak of day !  
At the cock-crowing He may come ;  
And still to all I say,  
Watch—and with awe be dumb.  
Fili David ! §

\* Psalm lvii.

† The day of wrath.

‡ Lift up your hearts.

§ O Son of David.



## XII.

FIVE—and the tapers now  
In rosy morning dimly burn !  
Stand, and be girded thou ;  
Thy Lord will yet return !  
Veni Jesu ! \*

## XIII.

Hark ! 'tis the matin-call !  
Oh ! when our Lord shall come again,  
At Prime or even-fall,  
Blest are the wakeful men.  
Nunc dimittis ! †


*The Rev. A. Cleveland Coxe.*

\* Come, Lord Jesus.

† Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant.



*"THE PRAYERS I MAKE WILL THEN  
BE SWEET."*

 HE prayers I make will then be sweet indeed,  
If Thou the spirit give by which I pray :  
My unassisted heart is barren clay,  
That, of its native self, can nothing feed :  
Of good and pious works Thou art the seed,  
That quickens only where Thou say'st it may ;  
Unless Thou show to us Thine own true way,  
No man can find it : Father ! Thou must lead.  
Do Thou, then, breathe those thoughts into my mind  
By which such virtue may in me be bred  
That in Thy holy footsteps I may tread ;  
The fetters of my tongue do Thou unbind,  
That I may have the power to sing of Thee,  
And sound Thy praises everlastingly.

*Wordsworth.*



*THE HEART'S SONG.*



IN the silent midnight watches,  
List thy bosom door,  
How it knocketh—knocketh—  
knocketh,

Knocketh evermore !

Say not 'tis thy pulse's beating ;

'Tis thy heart of sin ;

'Tis thy Saviour stands entreating,

“ Rise and let Me in.”

Death comes down with equal footstep

To the hall and hut ;

Think you Death will stand a-knocking

Where the door is shut ?

Jesus waiteth—waiteth—waiteth ;

But thy door is fast :

Grieved, at length away He turneth ;

Death breaks in at last !

Then 'tis thine to stand entreating

Christ to let thee in ;

At the door of heaven beating,

Wailing for thy sin.

---

Nay, alas ! thou foolish virgin,  
Hast thou then forgot ?  
Jesus waited long to know thee,  
Now—He knows thee not !

*Coxe.*



*WHEN HE GIVETH PEACE, WHO THEN  
CAN CAUSE HEAVINESS?*



O gather the down which floats on the wind,  
And the leaves from every tree ;  
Can ye find a couch for a troubled mind ?  
Can ye find a rest for me ?

Ah ! there is a bed that was hewn in stone,  
Where He lay that was nailed to the tree ;  
'Twas there my Lord lay all alone,  
And there 's the rest for me.

Go gather the honey-dew from the leaf,  
And the labour sweet of the bee ;  
Can ye 'suage the bitter tongue of grief ?  
Give a drop of sweet to me ?  
And there was a dew of silvery bright,  
It fell on a plain and lea ;  
They gather it fresh at the morning light,  
And sweet its taste to me !

Let the cold wind blow through the midnight rain,  
And the breeze flutter over the sea ;  
Can it breathe more chill on a burning brain ?  
Can it cool my brain for me ?

And there was a rushing mighty wind,  
It blew o'er a bloody sea ;  
It breathes a calm for my troubled mind,  
A Comforter for me.

Let the gale which springs in the morning cloud  
Give life to all that be ;  
Can it quicken again my murdered mind ?  
Give back my mind to me ?  
And there was a gale when the Day-star rose ;  
Its shining clear I see :  
My mind, in His beams, revives and glows,  
And all is life with me.

Let the spring-time shine, with its sunny hours,  
And the merry birds all in glee ;  
Can ye gather, amidst ten thousand flowers,  
One bud that blooms for me ?  
And there was a flower, which sprung from the tomb  
When the days had numbered three ;  
Upon my heart that flower shall bloom,  
Eternal joy for me.



*"JESUS SAID, CHILDREN, HAVE YE ANY  
MEAT?"*



HEARD my Saviour say, the other morn,  
"Child! hast thou any meat?"

I answered, "No!" for I had toiled forlorn,  
Yet found no food to eat.

He stood before me in the twilight dim,  
So that I scarce could see;  
Yet, by His voice and care, I knowing Him,  
My heart leaped joyously.

He bade me cast my needy empty net  
Down on another side;  
The waves were rich, my table forth was set,  
And I was satisfied.

Since then I fish not blindly, but first turn  
Unto the nearer brink;  
My Master, hearing my thought to Him yearn,  
Gives more than I can think.

My Master, Saviour, Guardian, Friend, and more  
Than any earth-names tell!  
For ever let me see Thee on yon shore,  
Till there with Thee I dwell.

*Mary Leslie.*

*THE ANCHOR WITHIN THE VEIL.*



AMID the shadows and the fears  
That overcloud this home of tears,  
Amid my poverty and sin,  
The tempest and the war within,  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God !

Drifting across a sunless sea,  
Cold, heavy mist encurtaining me ;  
Toiling along life's broken road,  
With snares around, and foes abroad,  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God !

Mine is a day of fear and strife,  
A needy soul, a needy life,  
A needy world, a needy age ;  
Yet, in my perilous pilgrimage,  
I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God !



To Thee I come—ah ! only Thou  
Canst wipe the sweat from off this brow ;  
Thou, only Thou, canst make me whole,  
And soothe the fever of my soul.

I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God !

On Thee I rest—Thy love and grace  
Are my sole rock and resting-place ;  
In Thee my thirst and hunger sore,  
Lord, let me quench for evermore.

I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God !

'Tis earth, not heaven—'tis night, not noon ;  
The sorrowless is coming soon ;  
But till the morn of love appears,  
Which ends the travail and the tears,

I cast my soul on Thee,  
Mighty to save even me,  
Jesus, Thou Son of God.



GOOD FRIDAY.



AM I a stone, and not a sheep,  
That I can stand, O Christ, beneath Thy cross,  
To number drop by drop Thy blood's slow loss,  
And yet not weep?

Not so those women loved  
Who, with exceeding grief, lamented Thee;  
Not so fallen Peter, weeping bitterly;  
Not so the thief was moved.


Not so the sun and moon,  
Which hid their faces in a starless sky,  
A horror of great darkness at broad noon—  
I, only I.

Yet give not o'er,  
But seek Thy sheep, true Shepherd of the flock;  
Greater than Moses! turn and look once more,  
And smite a rock.

*Miss Rossetti.*



*A CHURCH WITH BELLS.*

“ELLS,” said a child, “I want to go,  
Sir, to a church with bells.”  
And whether High, or Broad, or Low  
With hope my bosom swells  
When such a church as this I find,  
And hear the heavenly chime ;  
Oh, then I have a holy mind !  
Oh, then a happy time !  
And though my hours are weak and sad,  
I feel my life sublime.  
Of love the first, and love the last,  
If any service tells,  
All my anxiety is past,  
I ’ve found a church with bells.

I to an ancient abbey went,  
And sat beside a tomb ;  
’Twas on a showery day in Lent,  
And near the Day of Bloom.  
Along with me a blind man knelt,  
No glories could he see ;  
But, oh ! the music how he felt !  
“ Have mercy, Lord ! ” sang we ;  
And angels from the window smiled  
Upon both him and me.

Said I, "Antiquity and grace  
Blend here their holy spells ;  
In truth this is a noble place,  
This is a church with bells."

Whitewashed, upon a windy hill,  
There stood a building square ;  
I entered gently, hoping still  
That bells there might be there.  
"Come, weary folks," an old man said,  
"You have come—come again ;  
'Tis every night you need your bed,  
Not only now and then.

Lord, give us better, safer rest."  
The people said, "Amen."  
And when the kindly talk I heard  
That angry sorrow quells,  
"Here sounds," said I, "the inviting word,  
This is a church with bells."

I went the silent Friends to see,  
And there no bells could ring ;  
For how can any music be  
Where nobody will sing ?  
But as we all were sitting hushed,  
Up rose a sister grey,  
And said, with face a little flushed,  
"This is a sunny day,  
And Jesus is our inward light  
To guide us on our way."

“ Ah, yes,” said I, “ this sister pure  
The old glad tidings tells ;  
And here too, I am very sure,  
I’ve found a church with bells.”

Then by a door I heard men say,  
“ He is not ‘ sound,’ we fear.”  
Thought I, before I turned away,  
“ I’ll try if bells are here.”  
“ Quit you like men,” a strong voice cried,  
“ Not hang the bulrush head ;  
Our fathers’ God is by our side,  
For truth our fathers bled ;  
Let no man sell his liberty  
For butter or for bread.”  
Said I, “ That’s no unholy note ;  
How loud and clear it swells !  
St Paul’s a stirring man to quote,—  
This too’s a church with bells.”

Oh ! I have got of sweet bells eight,  
And you may have the same ;  
I ring them early, ring them late,  
And know them each by name :—  
There’s Faith and Hope, and Love and Peace,  
And Joy and Liberty,  
And then, before the chime can cease,  
Patience and Victory :  
Come, neighbour, listen to the bells  
That sing for you and me.

When windy skies are all aflame,  
Of rest their chiming tells ;  
We've never been, since Jesus came,  
In want of heavenly bells.

*Thomas T. Lynch.*

THE END.

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